THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 312—NUMBER 4045

JANUARY 14, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

HISTORY OF THE 'BIG BERTHA'

COMMANDER KINZEL, of the German navy, who had a part in designing, testing, and constructing the big gun which bombarded Paris, has recently described the gradual development of this class of ordnance during the war. When hostilities began, the heaviest German gun could fire only twenty-two miles. Almost immediately, however, larger guns, with a range of more than twenty-eight miles, were constructed to bombard Dunkirk. They were in use by the spring of 1915. By January 1917, the range of Germany's heaviest cannon had been extended to thirty-nine miles.

Meantime General Ludendorff gave orders, in 1916, for the construction of an experimental gun to bombard Paris from the German lines, then fifty-six miles away. This task, like the previous designing of heavy artillery, was placed in the hands of the Naval Ordnance Staff. After the members had been at work for nine months upon the plan, Ludendorff suddenly requested them to alter the design and to extend the range to seventy-five miles. Commander Kinzel observes that it was much like saying to an athlete: 'You have jumped five feet ten inches; now jump six feet.'

The designers were at a loss for some time, but finally overcame all ballistic difficulties and the gun was built. It was tested by firing from inland toward the sea, where seaplanes were stationed to observe the fire. The first shell fell fifty-nine miles from the gun, and fourteen hundred yards inland. It hit a cowshed, but there were no casualties. An examination of the fragments showed that the shell had risen to an altitude of nearly twenty-five miles. Since the range was short of that intended, new calculations and designs were necessary. A few weeks later, however, the Germans had made the necessary changes and were in a position to bombard Paris. Two guns were made and a third ordered. They were conceived as 'morale' guns. 'We imagined,' says Commander Kinzel, 'what would happen in Berlin if, suddenly, a shell of this kind detonated in Potsdammerplatz, and then one in Alexanderplatz, and then ten minutes later at the Zoo, and then on Schlesische Station.'

The guns were fired for three days before the German staff got the first news of where their shells had fallen. Within thirty hours French artillery had located and shelled them. But they continued to fire. Neither gun was hit. However, this heavy artillery had a life of less than one hundred shots before the barrel and ignition chamber had to

Copyright 1922, by The Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be renewed. The position of the guns was shifted and they were eventually brought away by the Germans on their retreat.

✽

MR. WELLS AND THE 'DAILY MAIL'

LONDON is laughing over an amusing controversy between the *Daily Mail* and Mr. H. G. Wells, whose letters from the Washington Conference were to have been printed in that paper as well as in the New York *World*. The tenor of Mr. Wells's articles did not please the editor of the *Daily Mail*, who — through an intermediary, be it said — informed its distinguished contributor that, if he did not adopt 'a more reasonable tone toward France,' the publication of his letters would be discontinued. After some polite interchanges, evidently much toned-down by the fact that they passed through an anonymous third party, the New York *World* stepped in with the objection that it was the original contractor for the articles, and that the *Daily Mail* was not entitled to give Mr. Wells orders privately.

British sympathizers vary in their attitude toward the primary issue — the conduct of France. The *New Statesman* concludes an entertaining and ironical article upon the subject with the observation: —

> A newspaper that can find no room for some of the most brilliant articles that Mr. Wells has ever written is not playing the part every newspaper should play in the education of public opinion. To shield public opinion too tenderly from the truth is to produce the condition out of which wars burst on an ignorant and unexpectant world.

On the other end of the gamut, the *Morning Post* remarks: —

> Mr. Wells the novelist is always welcome; Mr. Wells the emissary of a quadruple syndicate is quite another proposition. . . . The obsession of the syndicated Mr. Wells at the moment is France; on the subject of France Mr. Wells becomes a superior person in tremors.

It suggests that Mr. Wells is at the moment on the wrong side of the ocean to moralize on French mentality. It accuses the latter gentleman of being 'one of those pacifists who are never happy unless they have a war to play with — the new war toward which that writer suggests that France is pushing the world.'

✽

RIOTING IN VIENNA AND BERLIN

THE recent riots in Vienna and Berlin — the fact is generally overlooked that the first demonstrations of this sort were in the latter city — have seriously shaken the confidence of people in Austria and Germany. These incidents were more serious than the accounts published abroad might lead one to believe. The plunderers at one time carried their operations to the verge of the great shopping centre of Berlin. The mobs in that city were alleged to consist of half-grown boys and professional idlers, egged on by Communist plotters. The classes suffering most from the sudden leap in prices which has accompanied the recent depreciation of the mark did not participate largely in these demonstrations. While deploring the latter, the press is practically unanimous in demanding stricter measures to suppress profiteering and the provocative display of luxury by foreigners and war-enriched natives.

✽

HOW CHARLES LEFT HUNGARY

A CORRESPONDENT of *Matin* was the only journalist who saw the former Emperor Charles leave Hungary after his recent attempt to seize the throne. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

former monarch embarked with his wife and four companions and servants upon an English gunboat anchored in the Danube near a remote railway bridge. This correspondent reports that the Hungarian officers conducted themselves discourteously and roughly toward Charles. Just as the boat was leaving, in the foggy dawn, Charles left his cabin and looked toward the shore, evidently intending to wave a farewell greeting to the Hungarian soldiers who had escorted him. But the latter had already gone aboard their train. They did not leave as much as a guard of honor on the bank. Even the old officers were strolling back toward the railway station. The only persons who had interest enough to wait until the former emperor departed, were a gendarme, or secret service man, and an old half-witted peasant who had come down under the impression that he was to see the old Kaiser, Francis Joseph.

✠

A NEW BLACK-HOLE HORROR

THE British press is justly indignant at the repetition of a horror closely parallel to that of the Black Hole of Calcutta, due to mismanagement or neglect of the military authorities in India. There has been no disposition to cover up the facts. Commenting upon this incident the London *New Witness* says: —

The hideous inefficiency of the Indian government is tragically revealed in the suffocation of sixty-four Moplah revolutionaries. At present it is not made plain whether this terrible revival of the Black Hole of Calcutta can be traced to military or to police mismanagement. The fact remains that on November 19, one hundred convicted prisoners were entrained at Tirur, the British railway base for troops engaged in the Malabar fighting, for conveyance to Bellary gaol. The prisoners were put in a closed luggage van, and apparently there was no means of ventilation. Every child in this country is made familiar with the tortures undergone by the English prisoners during the Indian mutiny. The horrors of that time, however, were committed under the stress of religious fanaticism and revolutionary fervor. Such excuses cannot be put forward for the doing to death of these unfortunate men. They were arrested in the name of the British government, and it is the British government who is responsible for the circumstances which caused their death. To herd men in a luggage van cannot be attributed to carelessness. It is patent to the meanest intelligence that such a conveyance excludes all possibility of proper accommodation. Someone must have given the order for the entombment of the prisoners, and their guard must have acceded to the suggestion. It may be argued that the whole thing arose from the indifference of a minor official, but this merely makes the case for condemnation more acute.

✠

WEST INDIAN PROBLEMS

GREAT BRITAIN has sent a commission of inquiry to the West Indies, where the low price of sugar, cocoa, and sea island cotton has produced a financial crisis. During the recent fluctuations of the currency the system of keeping accounts in shillings and pence, where the dollar is so largely used, has caused complications and brought a demand for a distinct West Indian currency, linked with sterling but based on the decimal system. During the war, moreover, the inconvenience of political subdivision of the British possessions in this region into small autonomous communities was impressed upon the people. A demand exists also for an increase in the number of elective offices. In fact measures looking toward an eventual federation of the British possessions in the American tropics under a democratic constitution may be officially proposed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUDDING BOLSHEVISM IN THE ORIENT

BERTRAND RUSSELL says in a recent article that, during his seminar discussions at Peking, most of the Chinese students took the view that 'China could and ought to become Communist to-morrow.'

In discussing the assassination of Premier Hara, the *Herald of Asia* points out that dangerous thoughts are remarkably prevalent among the youth of Japan also. The students find their mental stimulation in 'cheap movies, unsuitable and only imperfectly understood reading, and associates of much the same character as themselves.' Police repression and similar measures only accentuate this evil by lending a dramatic interest to conspiracy and revolt. 'Dangerous thoughts may best be combated by means of healthy thoughts, by constructive ideals in place of those which are now merely destructive.' Half an hour spent in the second-hand bookstores of Tokyo is sufficient to enlighten the casual investigator regarding the literature now popular with university youth 'Marx is a matter of course . . . Russians, especially Dostoyevsky, appear everywhere. At the present time, in the state in which the mind of youthful Japan now finds itself, probably no worse reading could be chosen than the ultra-morbid, sickly introspections . . . of the half-crazed philosophy of the brooding, unhealthy dreamer who forms so often the main character of a Russian novel or play.'

A FRANCO-GERMAN PARALLEL

L'Écho de Paris prints the following comparison between the present economic condition of France and of Germany. German marks are reduced to French francs at the rate of ten marks to a franc. France includes Algiers, and its coal production includes that of the Saar Valley: —

FRANCE	
Population	40 millions
Foreign debt	35 billions gold
Domestic debt	230 " paper
Devastated territory	10 Departments
Railway rates	Tripled
Per-capita tax	560 francs
Price of coal	70 to 100 francs
Revenue from liquor	1786 million francs
" " tobacco	820 " "
Paper money circulation	36,500 " "
Budget 1922	25 billion francs
Coal mined	34 million tons

GERMANY	
Population	60 millions
Foreign debt	3 billions gold
Domestic debt	32 " paper
Devastated territory	None
Railway rates	Less than 1-2 those of France
Per-capita tax	152 francs
Price of coal	25 to 43 francs
Revenue from liquor	408 million francs
" " tobacco	408 " "
Paper money circulation	12,400 " "
Budget 1922	11 billion, 400 million francs
Coal mined	120 million tons

These figures are very significant. The per-capita revenue from liquor is less than one sixth, and that from tobacco is less than one third of what it would be were the excise upon them as high as in France. However, the fact should not be overlooked that the real burden of taxes, railway rates, and prices is measured to a very considerable extent by their amount in the currency of the country where they are paid irrespective of the depreciation of that currency. For instance, it would be quite misleading to speak of the per-capita tax paid in France as equivalent to forty dollars a year, and that paid in Germany as equivalent to eleven or twelve dollars a year, although the sums mentioned in our own currency would purchase francs or marks enough to pay the annual tax here given.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE London *Public Opinion* caps a series of quotations from the British press upon the future of the Empire with these three paragraphs: —

Either the Empire will have played its part in the development of civilization, and have changed into and given place to a much larger union of free states, or it will have become a danger and a nuisance to mankind, and have followed German imperialism and Roman imperialism to the dustheap.

— H. G. WELLS

The Empire could only be saved by an infusion into it of an adequate population of our own blood. There was room in the Empire for three or four hundred millions of the British race. Australia, for her own security, should welcome every drop of English blood we could send her. — SIR RIDER HAGGARD

One hundred years hence the population of the British Islands would be about fifty millions. The United States would probably contain a population of three hundred millions. Canada would probably have about sixty millions and Australia the same number, while New Zealand would have perhaps twenty or twenty-five millions. The United States would therefore have an enormous predominance in wealth, power, and security over all the other English-speaking peoples. These islands would have fallen from their pride of place, and would be only one among several Dominions. They would be no longer the centre of a world Empire in which they had the dominating power.

— DEAN INGE

✻

GANDHI'S STUDENT STRIKERS

East and West, a review published at Bombay, prints the following editorial comment upon the Gandhi movement in the Indian schools. It directly contradicts current impressions on that subject: —

If during the whole year 1920, Mahatma Gandhi's influence was so great, can it be said that in 1921 it has abated? On the contrary, has it not increased enormously? In a very short time, he was able to collect a *crore* of rupees for his Swaraj Fund, women making him a present of their ornaments, and even the humblest sending him their mite. It was said his appeal to the students was a failure. But the Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, at the meeting of the Senate on September 24th last, said recently, that between forty and fifty thousand boys below the college age had left the schools, that three or four thousand college students had given up their colleges; that the reduction in the University examination fees would be Rs.263,000 during the current financial year, that no doubt the non-co-operators would feel elated, but the resultant effect on the University would be 'disastrous,' 'for, obviously, a University cannot be maintained without funds.' The Vice-Chancellor is Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee, and his testimony ought to carry the greatest weight with the Government.

✻

A FRENCH PRESS WAR

RECENTLY the metropolitan papers of Paris have been fighting a lively battle among themselves. The aggressor was *Le Petit Parisien*, one of the most widely read papers of the metropolis, which established a printing office at Tours and proposed to set up other establishments of the same kind in different provincial centres in France for the purpose of getting out simultaneous editions all over the country. This naturally aroused not only its metropolitan competitors but also the provincial dailies. Neither the local journals nor the mail editions of other Paris dailies could hope to compete — especially in telegraph news — with these provincial editions of *Petit Parisien*. At one time, the controversy was so bitter that newsdealers were not permitted to handle simultaneously the rival newspapers. The fight ended with the withdrawal of *Petit Parisien* from the provincial field.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BELGIAN ELECTIONS

THE general election in Belgium last November resulted in the return of 77 Catholics, 66 Socialists, 34 Liberals, and 9 members of minor party groups to the Lower House of Parliament. The former chamber consisted of 73 Catholics, 70 Socialists, 34 Liberals, and 9 members of minor factions. It was commonly expected that the Socialists would suffer heavily at this election, and that the Liberals would make large gains. However, the tactics of the Liberals in the recent cabinet crises drove many voters into the Catholic ranks, while their old constituents remained faithful to the Socialists, fearing that a failure to do so might lead to a setback for the recent liberal constitutional reforms. An impression prevails that it will be difficult to form a stable ministry with the power distributed as it is at present in Parliament.

✽

THE GREENLAND CONTROVERSY

A DISPUTE has arisen between Norway and Denmark concerning the suzerainty of Greenland. On July 2 last, the Danish Minister to Christiania submitted to the Norwegian Foreign Office a note to the effect that Denmark was establishing commercial, missionary, and shipping stations along the whole coast of Greenland. The note explained that the Danish Government held this coast to be within its sphere of political control.

After a delay of several months the Norwegian Foreign Office has now replied that it cannot give any formal recognition to the suzerainty of Denmark over Greenland, because such recognition would carry with it a concurrence in the Danish claims over fishing areas in which Norwegian fishermen have hitherto enjoyed undisputed rights. To this refusal Denmark has not yet replied.

MINOR NOTES

LORD NORTHCLIFFE did not conciliate Japan during his recent visit to that country, to judge from the comment of the *Herald of Asia*, which says editorially: 'Outside of the acquisition of some degree of precarious facility in the use of chopsticks he appears to have learned nothing from his visit. . . . Apparently Lord Northcliffe did not come here to add to his store of information. . . . Having constructed and perfected elaborate and intricate theories of his own on the Far East question . . . he decided to avoid all possible contact with such rude facts as might be thrown in his way.' He gave especial offense by his acceptance of the report that Tokyo controls the Peking delegation to Washington.

JAPAN, like our own country and England, is finding it necessary to create a special monetary organ for financing its foreign trade. A plan will be debated at the next meeting of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, and upon approval submitted to the Government, to form a corporation called the International Commerce Financial Company, with a capital of about one hundred million dollars, for the object of making long and short term loans to exporters, importers, and manufacturers.

IN the Swiss canton of Geneva the question of woman suffrage was made the subject of a referendum to the voters on October 15. After a lively campaign, in which the women of the canton took an active part, the proposal to widen the suffrage was defeated by a vote of 14,166 to 6629. This outcome is somewhat remarkable, in view of the fact that the principal political parties supported the suffrage proposal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW ELEUSIS

BY CONCETTO PETTINATO

From *Il Mattino, November* 29–30
(NAPLES LIBERAL DAILY)

ÉDOUARD SCHURÉ used to lament during our long conversations the indifference of his French fellow countrymen to the problems of the supernormal — of the world beyond the tomb — and the silence with which his own writings on that subject were received. Times have changed. The World War has made such subjects the mode. An alliance has sprung up between these two sisters — war and death — which Leopardi never conjectured. Books dealing with death have multiplied of late, and they have logically led to inquiries into immortality and the soul. Apparently, however, these have so far achieved little positive result. The restoration of the severe discipline of the Catholic Church, which began in 1906, has done much to discourage the recent interest in Spiritualism; the practical and realist French intellect has done the rest. Undoubtedly, an unusual amount of attention has been given to supernormal phenomena; but instead of starting a new current of philosophic thought, as Schuré hoped, this movement has expended itself either in Spiritualism as a cult or in strengthening orthodox devotion to the Church.

Two large spiritualist organizations are active here in Paris at present; the 'French Union' at Auteuil and the 'International Metaphysical Institute' of Dr. Geley. *L'Opinion*, one of our leading weeklies, published a series of articles this autumn upon the subject, which is sufficient evidence that the so-called occult sciences are receiving a growing amount of attention from the public. But there is no new Platonism or new Pythagorism about this. When the invisible meets the Latin intellect, it must become visible. The soul must permit itself to be photographed and touched and weighed. The transcendental is forced to submit to a materialism more tyrannical than that of the ancient world. The occult is converted into an exact science.

Germany, on the other hand, has its Pythagorism, its Orphic rites, its Eleusinia. The elasticity of the nation's Evangelical horizons, the confusion of its numerous religious sects, the fruits of its lay thinking and its manifold laymen's creeds, combine to give a different answer than in France to the spiritual quests of its seekers after God. In France a religious stimulus may find its ultimate outlet in a scientific inquiry. In Germany a scientific stimulus is certain to culminate in a religious inquiry.

To be sure, France, like most other civilized countries, has a flourishing branch of the Theosophical Society. Last July thirteen hundred representatives of its lodges from all parts of the world attended an International Congress in its own hall on the Champs de Mars. But Theosophy is a crystallization of mystical tendencies rather than mysticism in the abstract. It is a church rather than a faith, an army rather than a community, a discipline rather than a creed. It is a Freemasonry which is proud of having removed the word 'faith' from its vocabulary, and of having repudiated every method of inquiry that is not based on experience and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

observation. It resembles a science of religion more than a religion. I assume that this is why the scientists of France granted its Grand Master, Annie Besant, the privilege of addressing her marshaled followers under the dome of the Sorbonne.

Germany, on the other hand, founds religions, faiths, and self-governing sects. That is why Theosophy, like Catholicism, if I may be permitted to use the parallel, changes its aspect in Germany, reforms itself, and produces its Luther and Augsburg Confession. Not only does German individualism revolt against Theosophic discipline, but she is unable to harmonize such a cult with her more abstract Spiritualism, her eclecticism of belief, her disposition to give a definite moral content to her faiths and to relate them with social processes. Germany also revolts against such a movement because of a sort of seriousness of purpose, and a certain antipathy to dilettanteism, which springs from the very depths of the Teutonic character. Consequently, Pope Besant has evoked an anti-pope in that country. Theosophy has been transformed into Anthroposophy — a science of religions with all the color and tone of a religion itself. A movement which manifests itself at Paris or at Nice in little congregations of idle young people, of wanderers captivated with the exotic, and of Freemasons without a fixed creed, manifests itself in Berlin and Stuttgart in great universities of mystics, academies of holiness, seminaries of redeemed and redeemers, and laboratories for national regeneration. Don't fancy that people are lacking on either side the Rhine who refuse to be carried away with enthusiasm for this new evangel. But beyond the Rhine there are many who welcome Anthroposophy as a *Tugenbund* — 'a union of virtue'; who are fain to regard Dornach as a Königsberg, and Rudolf Steiner as a Klopstock, a Fichte, or a Humboldt.

What has Steiner done to arouse an interest in himself which Schuré, his devoted friend and acknowledged inspirer, and Annie Besant have failed to arouse in their own countries? Nothing and a great deal. Anthroposophy cannot claim to be substantially different from Theosophy, not even in the pains it takes to distinguish itself from the popular occultism of the Spiritualists. Madame Blavatsky, the founder and codifier of Theosophic doctrine, called Spiritualism 'merely transcendental materialism.' But Anthroposophy is peculiar among the three cults in the stress it lays upon its moral purpose. It includes a social theory. It aspires to become an active factor in the evolution and progress of the race, instead of retiring to Olympus to indulge in sterile mystic contemplation. The speakers at its last national congress, addressing sixteen hundred delegates, laid particular stress upon the disastrous effect of present-day agnosticism. Not to have a faith, no matter what faith, is, in the opinion of Steiner, the worst calamity that can befall a man or a nation. Theosophy seeks to construct a harmonious conception of the universe. Anthroposophy does not consider this enough. If abandoned to itself, if deprived of a higher purpose, there is no process of pure reasoning, in its opinion, that will not speedily degenerate into sterile eclecticism. Theosophy presumes to universal knowledge, to arrange all truth in its proper order; Anthroposophy does not object to this, provided the effort does not engulf the student in 'comparative religion,' in relativism, in Pyrrhonism, in mere passive contemplation. To these gnostics and pragmatists, relativism is the enemy.

Here is where Anthroposophy turns its back to the Orient and the seductions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Buddhist beatitude which have so hypnotized the Theosophists, and faces the West or more particularly, Germany. It feels the call to discover some certain guide to action, something absolute — to get in contact again with the Uniform and the Eternal, to free itself from the obsession of Kantian and post-Kantian criticism. Hans Vaehinger, who drew his sustenance from the Positivist science of the eighteenth century, carried Kant's teaching forward for half a century beyond its day, though he seems to have had a vague presentiment that a new era of teleological premises, of revolt against a mechanical interpretation of the universe, of mysticism and romanticism, was about to dawn. It has now become necessary to construct a new philosophy; because old philosophies have been wrecked, not by a war, — which was rather the first fruit than the root of that disaster, — but by decades and decades of vague thinking, of myopic reasoning, of empirical objectivism, of paralyzing introspection, of gross heathenism, and of demoralizing self-worship.

Anthroposophy does not include among its symbols the Masonic square and trowel; but it is more interested in improving the architecture of the world, perhaps, than the Theosophists, certain of whose rites have been borrowed largely from Freemasonry. I do not believe that Anthroposophy would have secured many converts even in the psychically weakened Germany of to-day, had it not offered something more than the occult ceremonies at Dornach, with their three altars of Wisdom, Beauty, and Force, with their initiation hall paved in a checkered pattern of black and white, with their mystical dialogues, with the passage of the blindfolded catechumen through a network of silk cords, typifying the labyrinth of physical knowledge, with his projection through a trap door, symbolizing the abyss of being, with his baptism with salt and ashes and water by Steiner himself clad in Pythagorean robes. Anthroposophy's success is due, at least in equal measure, to the same conditions that are stimulating interest anew in older religions and creeds, to its effort to reform man, to its ardent anthropocentrism, to its abiding faith in the perfectability of the soul, to its heartening certitude that whatever lives is not destined to perish, but to rise by virtue of a conscious or unconscious auto-determination to infinite heights.

Steiner discovers God, it should be said, where Dionysios, the Areopagite, finds Him: through intuition, through mystic apperception. But the dominant trait of his Platonism is a precise and tangible conviction of what the spiritual needs of the day are. The latter do not call for an improvised and speculative Deity, but for a real, substantial, categorical, and absolute Deity, as certainly existent as the personal God of the Christians. Anthroposophy is a Pantheism which exerts itself to the utmost not to be a Pantheism — a Pantheism with scientific aims and methods, based on the assumption that the intuitive faculties may be so developed by exercise and training as to open to man horizons of knowledge less empirical, less relative, more absolute than those opened to him by his reasoning faculties. At the bottom, the relative is always an absolute for the Germans, just as at bottom the absolute is always a relative for the French. This new theodicy starts out, in other words, with a manual of psychic education, teaching the art of training the individual to perceive, with the eye of the spirit, realities as true and actual as those perceived by the physical eye. This manual of psychic education quite logically culminates in an ethical catechism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Our age is an age of criticism, of preconceptions, of prejudices, rather than an age of faith and reverence. . . . The youth learns to criticize before he learns to respect: all this tends to debilitate the soul as much as the opposite attitude strengthens it. . . . No greater injury can be done a youth than to excite in him a precocious reasoning faculty. It is impossible to judge and weigh things until we have learned to know them.' It is necessary — and here is the cardinal point of Steiner's theory — to be master of the impressions which reach us from the outer world, so that we may receive only those which merit our attention; to form in ourselves a free and self-directing soul, accurately balanced between our emotions and our intellect; to watch vigilantly over every faculty which teaches us what is true and what is false. Clear, calm judgments, accurate and assured sensations and sentiments are, according to this doctrine, the only keys to higher wisdom. 'Sedulously suppress all aimless and illogical thinking, all vague drifting of the mind in channels which lead nowhere. . . . There is no vice which it is more imperative to root out than a tendency to imaginativeness and exaltation, to fanaticism, superstition, and neurosis.'

Steiner undertakes a vigorous examination of our mental and moral life. Sincerity, truthfulness, spontaneity are constructive forces; pretense and insincerity are negative and destructive forces. We should never talk for the simple pleasure of talking, but only when we have something to say that is worth the utterance. We should work for the sake of working, and not for the sake of attaining something. Our works are the more fruitful the less we attend to their effect.[1] Never deviate from a decision once made, until you are convinced that it is based on false information. Be brave; train yourself constantly to face peril tranquilly and to overcome obstacles without losing heart.

Be good; if you wish to take one step forward on the path of wisdom, take three steps forward on the path of virtue. Avoid pedantry in correcting others, if the acts of others seem to you unworthy of approval. Watch over your health. Sane thinking demands a sane body. Bear in mind on every occasion that you are first of all a member of society, and that your first duty is so to act as to benefit the greater number. It is only by observing these precepts that the human race can continue to advance toward better things.

Those who know Germany, and in particular Germany since the war, must admit that no better moral code could be prescribed for her special needs — to supply the deficiencies of her spirit. However, Rudolf Steiner adds something more. He has the good and bad qualities of his race, including its passion for system and thoroughness. He hardly finishes his analysis of the individual, as such, before he begins to study him as a member of society; as soon as he has laid the foundations for his ethical system, he addresses himself to the problem of a social system. A perfect society? A society in which economic motives shall no longer be the sole and implacable masters of our lives, our interests, our solicitudes, and our laws. Instead, the economic ideal shall be forced to share with the social ideal and the spiritual ideal suzerainty over society. This new triumvirate of equal partners is to rule the world. In France such an attempt to divide in order to unify would be regarded as violating the first dictates of common sense. But in Germany the books in which Steiner has developed this theory — *The Trinity of the Social Organism* and

[1] Steiner here follows the theories of Tolstoy.— EDITOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pivots of the Social Question — sold within a few months to the number of more than 40,000 copies.

I regret that I cannot describe his teachings more at length. They embrace many very interesting ideas and principles. Let me merely add that since March 1920, *The Trinity of the Social Organism* has given birth to an association beyond the Rhine which is making many proselytes and has the support of numerous wealthy converts. This society proposes to limit its formal organization to the establishment of administrative headquarters at various points, and to organize the economic life of its members on the basis of a gigantic network of syndicates of producers and consumers. It accepts the Communist postulate that production looks to profits and not to consumption. It preaches absolute self-direction in intellectual matters, beginning with the public schools.

The fact that Steiner is a man of encyclopædic knowledge, like every true German, does not imply that he is devoid of practical wisdom. He could not content himself with the life of a recluse immured within the walls of a temple. He spends less of his time than formerly at Dornach, the esoteric headquarters of his order, and more at Stuttgart, where the practical business activities of the society are centred. He is deserting more and more his Goetheanum for the 'Dawning Day.' The Dawning Day is not the title of a novel. It is a society designed for action, which proposes to organize and operate a group of industrial enterprises with the double object of taking a first step toward building the 'City of the Sun,' of which the founders dream, and of providing the financial resources to carry on the organization. Some of these establishments are already in operation. Part of the capital has been already raised. Waldorf in the vicinity of Stuttgart is being converted into a vast phalanstery, or Platonic garden city, which receives its motive power from Dornach, at the foot of the Swiss Juras. Among other things they have opened there a little 'unity school' organized, naturally, according to Steiner's ideas. The latter has written cleverly upon pedagogics for the past fifteen years, and this institution is likely to prove an interesting experiment.

So one sees that the objects and efforts of Anthroposophy aim far ahead. The movement represents for Germany not only a new mystical doctrine, but also a new force in politics, economics, ethics, and æsthetics. The new Eleusis harks back to the Republic of Plato. This is not the first time that German romanticism has borrowed the metres of Hellas for its pæons. But this time, at least, the motive is modern. The statistics of the secondary schools and universities of Germany prove that the youth of that country are turning almost *en masse* from the study of philology to the study of philosophy and mathematics — the only studies that the Greece of Plato knew. In this respect Germany presents to-day a marvelous reincarnation of the Greek spirit. Rudolf Steiner, convinced that Germany can be saved only by faith in the power of the spirit, has become, so to speak, the high priest of this miracle, and consecrates it with the formula of a new era.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARGENTINA'S POPULATION PROBLEM

BY DR. PAUL ROHRBACH

[*The author is a distinguished German traveler and publicist, who has written extensively upon Russia and North America, and is at the present time in South America.*]

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, November* 27
(Hugo Stinnes Semi-Official Press)

A Peruvian poet has written that for three centuries Cervantes has been Spain's best viceroy in America, and that he still holds office. We hear much of the political and economic future of the South American and Central American countries, but attach too little importance, perhaps, to their cultural future, their common civilization. In spite of the recent immigration from other lands, the old Spanish element everywhere determines the character of the people, and the vast empire that extends from Argentina to Mexico is as irrevocably Spanish for all time to come as North America is Anglo-Saxon.

Although it possesses a nominally federal constitution, Argentina differs from its most important neighbor, Brazil, in having a highly centralized government. Brazil is officially *Los Estados do Brasil*, while Argentina is *La Republica Argentina*. In Brazil the members of the federation are called 'states'; in Argentina, 'provinces.' In Brazil a state like Rio Grande, for instance, where the political and social ideals of Auguste Comte are in favor with the government, may pursue a policy regarding schools, sanitation, charities and corrections, quite different from that followed by a neighboring state or by the federal government. But this would be impossible in Argentina. Brazil is separated by its geography into distinct regions, all differing industrially from each other and independent of each other in regard to transportation, while all the provinces of Argentina are naturally tributary to the mouth of the Plata River and Buenos Aires. Furthermore, in Argentina, the natural dependence of the country on a single urban centre has been strengthened by the location of the railway lines, all of which meet in the metropolis. I have often heard highly educated and well-informed men in Brazil say that it would be quite natural and perhaps desirable for the country to separate into several independent states. Such an idea would be inconceivable to an Argentine citizen.

Argentina is more than five times the size of Germany, and has at present, according to the best estimates, something more than eight and a half million inhabitants.

Practically all of these are whites. The Indians have nearly disappeared, and the *gauchos*, the old, half-savage cowboys of the *pampa*, who have much Indian blood in their veins, are a highly differentiated type doomed to eventual extinction. There are very few negroes or mulattoes. Consequently, Argentina probably has more white inhabitants than Brazil, though the latter's total population is twenty-five millions. While Brazil has three or four thickly settled areas, four fifths of the inhabitants of Argentina live in the central provinces, which embrace about one third the area of the republic; the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other fifth lives in the vast and lonely districts of the north, west, and south. It is important to observe that this distribution of the people is not likely ever to change appreciably. It is true that the semi-tropical Chaco district may ultimately become a well-settled agricultural region, in spite of its hot climate. Patagonia is so sterile that it will never maintain more than sparsely populated stock ranches, while the western and northwestern provinces are too arid to support a heavy population. Even though limited areas in the latter region may ultimately be irrigated, these portions of the republic will always be thinly inhabited.

However, the fertile regions of themselves constitute a mighty empire, almost twice as large as Germany. They produce most of the country's present wealth, even leaving out of account the manufactures of the country, which have already attained considerable importance but as yet supply nothing for export. Argentina's shipments abroad consist almost exclusively of the products of its farms and cattle ranches. In normal years the value of these exports is in the vicinity of half a billion dollars. Practically all this wealth, as I have said, comes from the central provinces.

Unquestionably, Argentina's future depends upon the character of the people who ultimately occupy these fertile regions. We discover that positive checks exist here, as well as in Brazil, to building up speedily a new nation, although the obstacles in Argentina are of a quite different kind from those which afflict its neighbor. The population of Brazil is kept down mainly by endemic diseases; the population growth of Argentina is retarded by the large estates. To be sure, even in the latter country, health conditions are by no means good. Tuberculosis has become almost a national scourge. It afflicts all classes without regard to rank, and is ascribed by local physicians to the prevalence of tubercular infection among the country's short-horn herds. Still, this disease is by no means so serious a threat to public health as are the diseases which are undermining the stamina of the Brazilian people; and will continue to do so unless its authorities accomplish a great public health reform.

I have just said that Argentina's progress is held back by an economic evil — the great estates. Theoretically, such an evil can always be corrected. We can best illustrate this by a comparison with the United States. In North America, a generation or two ago, immense tracts of arable land lay awaiting the settler's plough. They now constitute the great wheat-producing sections of that country. It made no difference whether they were owned by the government or were a 'no man's land'; people moved on to them and began to raise Indian corn and wheat. In Argentina the land was taken up before the agricultural era arrived. By the time the stream of immigration from Europe began to be diverted to South America, all the best soil was in the hands of private owners, whose titles in many instances ran back to Spanish days.

This land-owning class has developed a peculiar character, which goes to explain many of the odd things which you find in this country. The *estanciero*, or typical estate-owner of the old type, ordinarily possesses very large holdings, frequently tens of thousands of acres in extent, which he normally devotes to cattle-raising. This is by no means the most profitable use to which he could put his land, but it is considered here the more genteel occupation; it affords as a rule a more regular income than agriculture, and it does not require much personal attention from the proprietor. Many *estancieros* seldom visit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their estates, but prefer to live in Buenos Aires or Paris. The whole system tends to discourage settlement. Only a few men are required to operate a large ranch; rarely will a man subdivide and sell his ancestral estates unless he has burdened himself with debt by his spendthrift habits — and a man must be a prodigal spender indeed to waste more than the income from one of these great holdings.

An immigrant arriving in Argentina with moderate means, therefore, finds no opportunity to engage in farming in the fertile part of the republic, unless he happens to find an *estanciero* who wants to improve his pastures. For that object the latter will rent lands to a tenant, although usually only for a short term and subject to the condition that the tenant shall return the land planted in alfalfa, at the end of his lease. If the tenant has no capital of his own, the landlord will furnish him with seed, implements, and draft animals, taking in payment half of the crop. If the tenant has his own working capital, the landlord takes only one fourth of the crop. Having leased a tract of land on these terms, the tenant ploughs under the unsubdued prairie sod, which has never before been under crop, and sows it with wheat, oats, flax, and other grains. If he is lucky he gets a good harvest; but many a time drought and locusts take all his profits. In any case, he must move on in two or three years, because the landlord has attained his object. The pasture is improved and planted with alfalfa.

Naturally, some estates are devoted entirely to agriculture, and there are many mixed enterprises where both cattle and grain are raised. But most of the wheat and flaxseed shipped from the country is produced by such tenants as I have just described. Naturally, they rebel against these conditions. Recently a law has been enacted making the minimum period of a lease four years; but since it applies only to holdings of less than seven hundred and fifty acres, the proprietor can easily evade it by leasing in large tracts.

So it is proving slow work to build up a sturdy, independent farming population in the Argentine. However, some progress has of late been made in that direction. Subdivision of great estates is perhaps less rare than ten or twenty years ago. During the war dairy-farming prospered greatly. Until then Argentina, with its thousands of cattle, imported practically all the butter and cheese it consumed.

Undoubtedly the Radical party, which is now in power, wishes to discourage big estates and promote small farming. President Irigoyen is a friend of the masses, and is trying to enlighten public opinion on this question. The people of Argentina are awake to the fact that the population cannot increase normally so long as the land is monopolized by a few people. But the efforts made so far to remedy this condition have not been effective.

Since the tenants know they can keep their land but a short time, they content themselves with miserable makeshift houses. They plant no trees, till the land carelessly, and rob the soil of its fertility as rapidly as possible. A local proverb says: 'Leasing is a lottery.'

German immigrants, especially those of small means, rarely if ever become tenant farmers. When they arrive at Buenos Aires they do not know where to look for such opportunities. Thousands of Spaniards and Italians come over every year to work in the harvest fields. They already speak or easily learn the language of the country, and naturally take up most of these holdings. Moreover, the tenant has to sign a long printed contract in the Spanish language, which is perfectly unintel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ligible to a German. He cannot make himself understood either to the owner of the estate or to the laborers whom he must employ at ploughing-time and especially in the harvest season. The latter are always Spaniards or Italians. Last of all, a German demands his own land and home. He cannot reconcile himself to living in a miserable dugout or sod house on the bare prairie, without a tree or shrub in sight, and to subject his wife and children to that kind of life, with no hope of becoming eventually the owner of the farm he tills.

If Argentina afforded opportunities for independent farmers, such as the United States offers, its social and political life would soon be revolutionized. At the same time its population would increase with much greater rapidity. Between 1850 and 1860 the number of inhabitants passed the first million mark. During the following forty years the figure rose to six millions. Between 1894 and 1914, there was an increase of nearly two millions, one third of which was ascribed to the natural growth of the population, and two thirds to immigration. If this estimate is true, the annual excess of births over deaths is about 1.8 per cent, which is very fair, at least considerably larger than in the United States. But it is far below the rate among the German and Italian farmers in the neighboring Brazilian state of Rio Grande do Sul. The latter affords a striking example of the fabulously rapid growth of the population in a new country, where there is plenty of free land and very little immigration. In southern Brazil farms average between sixty and seventy-five acres in extent, and the average German and Italian family numbers eight or ten children, or even more. If similar conditions prevailed in Argentina, and there had been no immigration whatever during the last two decades before the war, the population would have more than doubled, and would already exceed twelve millions. Since, however, such conditions would have attracted even more immigrants than actually came, the republic — but for its large estates — would already have an imposing population.

While conditions remain as at present, there is little prospect that Argentina will become a thickly settled country. This artificial situation is also responsible for the excessive growth of the metropolis. All Argentina has something over eight million inhabitants, of which more than a million and a half live in Buenos Aires itself, and several hundred thousand in the neighboring port of Rosario. So these two cities contain almost one fourth of all the people of the country.

Life out on the untilled prairies and in the rude frontier towns has little attraction for wealthy landowners. So they reside in the capital and spend their money there. Since all the railways centre in the same town, it is a very important commercial point. The wealth of the nation tends to accumulate at the same point, and this encourages the growth of a laboring population employed in producing luxuries. This explains the existence of this brilliant and imposing city, thronged with busy people and congested traffic, and dazzling the visitor with its prodigally lighted shops and avenues. It is an orderly city, in many respects a model municipality.

No one ought to criticize severely conditions which are the logical outcome of the nation's historical development. Nor ought he to overlook the magnificent things which the people here have accomplished in many fields of material and social effort. But Argentina's fundamental problem is, none the less, the problem of its future population.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN AND HIS GOVERNMENT

A TRAVELER'S IMPRESSION

BY PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH DESSAUER

[*Professor Friedrich Dessauer, a well-known physicist and a Centrist leader, recently made a visit to the United States. A series of twelve travel letters, in which he described his experiences here, has been widely quoted in the German press. The following article is from this source.*]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, November 29*
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

OUR journey draws to an end and it is well. Impression has crowded so hard on the heels of impression that new experiences have lost their savor. In every one of the great cities that dot the Eastern States I have met people who would talk unweariedly for hours of the advantages and superiority of their local town. Americans are immeasurably proud of their country, which they have converted from a wilderness into a great nation in so incredibly short a time, and where many institutions work to remarkable perfection. They ask: 'Is n't it a marvelous country?' They show you the highest buildings, the most beautiful parks, the longest underground railway, the largest automobile factory, the biggest stadium, the greatest university, the best opera, the finest cinema, the most extensive slaughter-houses, and the most imposing monuments in the world. These points of interest are thus characterized on the local picture postcards — which, however, are not the most beautiful in the world. We may smile at this boasting, but there is considerable truth in it after all; and the keenness to make a record stimulates to effort, arouses public spirit, and brushes aside obstacles. When we start some new undertaking in Germany, we generally have to overcome any amount of factional opposition and to reconcile ourselves to a host of compromises. Our vested interests, our officials, our bureaucracies, and our revered rulers, instinctively resist change and improvement. Here in America, all turn in and help, even the Government, and applaud each new evidence of enterprise. As soon as the highest skyscraper or the biggest elevator is completed, the citizens take you around to see it, and are as proud of it as if they had made it themselves. 'Talk about Europe — why, man, *we're* the people!'

Louis XIV said: *L'état, c'est moi.* Our Prussian officials used to say: *L'état, c'est nous.* Every American says: *L'état, c'est moi,* and is as proud and happy over the idea as we schoolboys used to be when we bragged to each other: 'My dad has the finest garden'! Yes, the American has a boundless and enviable public spirit. It is one of the indications of his nation's youth.

We! How has a people of such varied ancestry so speedily become a unit, so identical in thought and manners, so ready to submit to voluntary discipline? You immediately recognize the American type under all superficial differences. It imposes itself upon features, garb, manners, and opinions. Why are they so enthusiastically Amer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ican, and nothing but American? This great reservoir of humanity has been fed by a million rills — the steerage decks of countless ships, which for three centuries past have plied across the Atlantic. Each tiny contribution differed from the others. The newcomers came from every part of the globe. They had every kind of a tradition behind them. But in one respect they were all alike. They were beginning life over again; they had broken with their old homes. All their past associations, customs, disabilities, and oppressions had been left definitely behind them. A broad belt of tossing water washed all these things out of their lives. Things that had seemed the most enduring, the most stable, the most inevitable, vanished like an unsubstantial dream.

Another common quality bound these newcomers together: a resolution to begin a new life; to hew out a fortune in the unknown land to which they were going. Men were rejuvenated by the change from the confinement and crowding of the old world to the vast opportunities of an unoccupied continent. They had everything to learn, every obstacle to overcome. Thousands failed, but other thousands won the battle; carved out a new existence, a new fortune for themselves and their children. Only two or three generations lie behind the average American. His grandfather, or great-grandfather, oftentimes his father, has been the first of the American line. He has a vivid consciousness of the fact that the country in which he lives and of which he is a part, is his own creation, the product of his own labor. None of his fellow citizens is more privileged than he, more entitled than he to claim credit for the whole.

He is free, but his freedom is none the less a limited one. He bows unconditionally to the will of the majority. All must obey the bidding of the majority, or at least appear to do so. If that bidding prove unwise, the majority will revise its orders. This democratic discipline is an astounding thing to the European. I have been here for five weeks, stopping at dozens of hotels of every class and character. Only twice have I seen alcoholic liquor served, and then secretly, in empty rooms. Great numbers are opposed to prohibition and want their wine and beer again. Possibly that will come. But, as long as the law is on the statute books, it is respected. No respectable man would tolerate its *open* violation. The majority has spoken. Even those who hate the law, bow to the will of the nation.

I cannot cite a more extreme illustration than this. Popular passion and powerful monetary interests defer to the law, because in the bottom of their hearts they identify the Government with themselves.

We Germans, I must admit with sadness, act in a different spirit. We delight in breaking or evading a law because it is a law. We instinctively view the guardians of the law as enemies. Here, open defiance of a law arouses general indignation. Every man feels that it is an offense against himself; that he, the American citizen, makes and modifies the law. Whoever insults it insults him. *L'état, c'est moi!* A man may brew and drink what he will at home; he is free there. But he must not buy or sell liquor. I was invited to have a drink in dozens of private homes. On one occasion I was given a glass of old California wine, on another a homemade cocktail, and on one occasion a glass of old German wine from the Palatinate.

Policemen rule the streets. Every man obeys them without question, and indeed helps them. His attitude is: 'He is my policeman. I give him his job. I pay him.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In my relations with officials and employees of the government, and with hotel servants, I have found them almost invariably alert, accommodating, and courteous. Their motto is 'service'; many seem to take a sporting interest in their duties. A boy springs up, makes a memorandum, answers your questions, looks out for you, as if he were saying: 'Did n't I do that neatly?' I have met almost everywhere this spirit of cheerful, smiling service; nothing of that surly, resentful demeanor we so commonly find in Europe.

Why is it that here in America your telephone connections, your baggage delivery, your government services, all your wants, are so promptly attended to? Why do things go along with such snap? I think it is because the average man takes a pride in his task, feels a professional interest in his special duties, just as he considers America his personal country, the law his personal law, the post office his personal post office, the telephone his personal telephone, and the hotel where he works 'the finest in the world.' These are all to my mind variations of the same idea: *L'état, c'est moi!*

This is fact, it is not mere fancy. Its reality forces itself upon the most incredulous visitor. Naturally, there are exceptions everywhere; just as, even in Germany, we occasionally encounter a courteous, patient telephone operator. But the normal attitude of the public and of employees in America is one of mutual helpfulness.

That attitude is an unmeasurable asset for America. It is a solid prop of popular government. Everyone turns in and helps. We Germans think it smart to violate or evade a government regulation on the sly, especially if we are opposed to the party in power. We respect force, and nothing else. If the Germans could only see how harmful this attitude is to themselves; how they demean themselves by demeaning their laws. People in America simply cannot understand that attitude. If they do not like a law they vote against it; that is their privilege; but so long as it is in force their civic self-respect makes it a duty in their own opinion to support it.

I have come to realize here that the great future task of the German republic is to teach its citizens to identify themselves with the Government. Our young German republic is winning, little by little, the confidence and esteem of the people. The Germans are a sober, sensible race; will they have at length a sensible democratic government? Will the state and the nation become one?

A memory of my early childhood flashes into my mind. My grandparents had a little summer cottage on the coast of the North Sea, at Blankenberghe. I was a little fellow about five years old, and used to play with my shovel and tin pail on the sandy beach. One day a slender, delicate boy, somewhat older and larger than I, came and played a while with us younger children. I took a great liking to him. The next day I hunted him up, whereupon he asked me my name and told me his. He was of noble birth. He already knew it, and asked me about my parents. They had never mentioned such things to me; I did n't know what he was talking about. But a childish instinct told me that he meant that his people were in some way better than my own. I had always thought of my parents as the finest persons in the world, and told my new playmate that if *von* was something fine, then my father was one. However, this argument did not convince him. The next day I hunted up my little friend and at last found him a considerable distance down the beach. I ran toward him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calling. At first he did n't turn around; then — I see it as though it were but yesterday — he looked at me over his shoulder and coolly said: 'I can't play with you. My parents will not permit it.'

I was fairly stunned with grief. I could not understand it. My older sister found me crying. She took pity on me, and went to the boy to ask what it was all about. Then she told me. We could not play together because my people were not noblemen. All I understood of the matter was that someone thought himself higher and greater than my dear and revered father, and, child that I was, the thought filled me with astonishment and bitterness.

But has that not always been the German way of seeing things? Is it not proving a very slow process to free ourselves from these outgrown obsessions? Even to-day do we not love our personal rank and privileges and class distinctions better than we love our countrymen? What is patriotism worth if it does not make us feel of one blood with all our fellow citizens? How can we expect the laboring man, discriminated against for centuries, to glow with patriotic fire, when all it represents to him is sacrificing himself in the name of the Fatherland for the benefit of people who feel above him? And are we entitled to call for sacrifice from others if we are unwilling to make that sacrifice ourselves? If patriotism demands service, we must prove it first in our own actions; and many of our most patriotic talkers baulk at the first demand for sacrifice — taxes.

The Americans pay very high taxes; income taxes, for example, and they really pay them. They pay them to their own government. With many circles in Europe it is a popular sport to outwit the tax-collector.

In the United States a workman — I do not mean an immigrant laborer — is a gentleman, in the sense that he feels himself as good as any of his neighbors. He earns not only a living, but, as a rule, something in addition. Many men who work with their hands drive to their place of employment in their own automobile. They address every man as an equal. A laborer does not consider that he will necessarily be a wage-earner all his life. He really lives, and his right to live instead of merely to exist is universally recognized. This attitude of mind, the numerous opportunities to rise, free education, evening schools, an absence of class prejudice, make the Americans closer to each other than we are in Germany. They know little of our European ranks and classes and social gulfs. They show each other more mutual respect than we do. I never heard a boss in the United States abuse his men, an official insult a common citizen, a traveler speak discourteously to a servant; for they are all alike citizens of the United States. Americans have their domestic quarrels; and they make short work of a man who will not comply with their standards. But no lines between upper classes and lower classes are drawn in these controversies. A man is ashamed of being idle. The newsboy of yesterday is welcomed in the highest business circles if he is an honest man and competent to be there. No door is closed to anyone because his parents were poor or humble.

All that makes a nation a unit. That is why Americans live together in harmony and present a united front to the rest of the world. That is what makes intercourse with them, individually and in the mass, so pleasant. That is why an employer will slap a workman on the back, and why the workman will joke with his employer. That is why children play together unconscious of the status of their parents.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This spirit of equality pervades every sphere of their social life. It lends a wholesome atmosphere to the relations of the sexes. It creates a different standard of conduct than where inherited class sentiment deadens the conscience to our injustice to others whom we think below us. I have found many things in America which bring back to me our German ideals of 1848. Possibly, there are hidden ills here which I have not detected. I hear pessimistic forebodings now and then. But I have not been able to justify them from my own experience.

Naturally, I have seen evils and mistakes; they can be found in every work of man. But what has impressed me most is the youth, the vigor, and the splendid civic spirit of Americans.

WHERE THEY DIE OF HUNGER

BY P. PODASCHEVSKY

From *Moscow Isvestia, September* 9, 10, 11
(BOLSHEVIST OFFICIAL DAILY)

I HAD never before been in the steppes of Samara, and it was hard for me to believe that in past years they were green with grass and crops. Now they remind one of a tile floor all smooth and yellow. For days I wandered through this country and never once saw a cloud in the sky. The sun burns obdurately. It would seem as if, its evil work already done, it might be satisfied; but it burns on and on, where not a shrub, nor a blade of grass, nor a sign of water is to be seen. In that atmosphere one wishes to curse the sun, — that greatest blessing of human life, — wishes that it might be extinguished.

Everything combines to daunt the traveler: the sun, the dust, the cursed levelness of the land; but the worst of all is to watch the suffering horses. It is a torture to use their services. They go along — they go along — and then they stop. They stand perfectly still. To whip them, to shout at them is useless. We merely sit and roast in the sun until they decide whether to die on the spot or to drag themselves a little farther. Their ribs stick out like hoops on a barrel, their lips hang down, and their eyes are dim. Often along the road we meet a horse lying motionless, the carriage unharnessed, the helpless owner almost out of his mind — for to lose one's last horse here is to lose all.

When the road crawls up a slight swelling in the prairie, or the sand becomes heavier, my driver and I crawl down from the wagon and creep along beside the horses. In old days we should have shortened the route with conversation. My driver to-day is silent. He merely murmurs gloomily to himself: 'This morning my old woman had not even leaves to boil.'

For a long time the high white belfry of Ivanovka church shimmered in the hot air, beyond a slight elevation. We crawled into it just at dusk, picking our way across a bridge, full of holes, which spanned the channel of the only local stream. It was a large village far flung out. Our mission took us to the Can-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tonal Executive Soviet — but where that was, the driver did not know. We wanted to ask, but of whom? Not a living soul, not even a hen, a dog, nor an animal of any kind was in sight.

'Are all the villagers dead? Where are the people?'

'Well, why should they walk around?' asked the driver. 'They won't find weeds; so most of them are lying down.'

At last we met a peasant woman who pointed out our destination, next to the church. The president of the Soviet, whom we found there, had lived in the village all his life and knew the ins and outs of every household.

'Have many died?'

'Well, here in our village, there are registered nearly two hundred deaths from starvation, but some more died to-day.'

'Two of to-day's number were carried out,' a man with a deep bass voice said at my right. I turned my head and saw the huge figure of a priest.

'This is Father Paul who is at the present time clerk of the Soviet,' the president hastened to say.

As we sat in the Soviet office, persons began to drop in, among them the schoolmistress. It had already become dark. The people spoke exclusively of things which they knew — which it was impossible to exaggerate or depreciate. For the slightest mistake brought forth a friendly correction.

It is difficult for the peasants to move. They are all terribly emaciated and the majority have swollen feet so that they must walk with sticks.

'Are the people here quiet?' I asked.

'Yes, like wet dishcloths. There is not a sound out of them. Earlier it was not so. They made a racket. When they first felt the hunger they came to the Soviet, they pushed at the door, and demanded bread.'

Two hundred people died in this village during August. But to appreciate this figure you must realize that hunger does not so easily take her sacrifices. Man is a tenacious creature and he opposes starvation with really terrific stubbornness. In this struggle he breaks all the laws of physiology. The organism becomes adapted to functions not at all natural to it. As long as the peasant can chew, he lives. I learned here for the first time in my life that people can eat wood, in the literal sense of the word.

Within a year or more, this village, with a thousand households and about six thousand people, has been afflicted with two epidemics. First came the smallpox. When that abated, the cholera came and wiped out whole families. But after the extreme heat arrived that scourge, too, suddenly disappeared.

The shortage of food began at Easter; but by using all their scraps, and going to bed hungry, the people managed somehow. No one was low spirited, for by the next harvest all expected plenty.

When the first green shoots of the new crop appeared, hunger was forgotten. There was a prospect of but a scanty crop, but at least something. People sold their calves and cows and ate their chickens, thinking: 'To-morrow there will be new grain and everything will be returned a hundredfold.'

April passed without a drop of rain. The sun scorched the soil. People became anxious, but hope was not dead. Before them was May. One or two good downpours and all would be well. May came. One week passed and then another. There was no rain at all. Damage was reported in the fields. 'The ears dried up as if they had consumption.' People crowded to the Soviet Headquarters, as if here were kept the keys to the windows of Heaven. They held services to pray for rain, but the sun was implacable.

The young grain withered and turned black, except for scattered blades, few

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and far between. 'We still thought we'd gather something,' said the peasants, 'even if only a few pounds to the acre.' But the locusts came in swarms and cleaned up everything. Then began the search for food of any kind, — bindweed, pigweed, mallow, bracken, oak leaves, — anything that grows in the ground. Some plants such as sorrel and clover are eaten on the spot. Others are brought to the kitchen and sorted, some for bread and some for soup. They dry the plants, pound them to powder, add water and, if they have it, throw in a pinch of flour for a binder. The color of the mass is earth-black or green; its effect upon the system is often harmful. 'From the bindweed, the eyes become dim, as if you were going out of your mind,' say the peasants.

Once on a time, in years when grain was plentiful, the district was much troubled by ground squirrels who injured the crops. The peasants and the government employed many devices in a vain effort to exterminate the pests. But the remedy did not come from the learned agriculturists, but from a mere boy, who caught a ground squirrel and ate it. It was pleasant. He told others. At the present time these rodents are as scarce as oysters on these steppes.

Anton, an emaciated peasant, came up to his neighbor one day and pointed at Polyanka, the latter's bony dog. 'Let me have him. He is no good to you.'

'What do you want him for?'

'I have use for him.'

'You must have a lot of food to keep a dog.'

Anton smiled slyly. 'Perhaps he will feed me.'

The neighbor did not understand, but gave his old, decrepit dog to Anton, who promptly killed and ate it. From that time on, dogs have been extinct in the village.

A certain peasant stole a cow. With the energy and cleverness of a thief facing starvation, he slaughtered her at night outside the village, and dragged the whole carcass, piecemeal, into an empty cellar. Of course, he had no salt. The heat was hellish. Naturally, the meat spoiled in two or three days.

The loss of a whole cow in a starving village is a catastrophe. Everyone hunted for her and found no sign. At last attention was attracted by the scent. It was impossible to go near the cellar. The meat had long ago entirely decomposed and was alive with worms. But every night the successful thief went down into that cellar and, in the darkness, out of sight of everyone, he cut off chunks of this decomposed meat and swallowed it raw with all the worms. And the man is still alive!

The peasants even begin to eat wood. They take a young branch of an oak tree, chop it very fine with an axe, until it resembles shavings. These they heat and grind into powder in their mortars, and thus make flour.

Next morning I rose early and at five o'clock went out to the large church square. Though it was still early dawn, the village was waking up. An old deacon crawled out of the priest's house, and we sat down together near a deserted hut.

'Until the first smoke, no one comes out,' said the old man. 'As soon as a chimney begins to smoke anywhere, they stretch themselves.'

'Why so?' I inquired.

'There are no matches, and they watch one another to see who can stand it no longer; when the first man kindles a fire, everyone goes to him and waits for a coal.'

Through the square there passed very quietly the figure of a woman bearing a yoke. Out from somewhere else two other women came and approached the churchyard. They stopped and began to pray in a very unusual manner. They bowed low and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then far back and kept their heads thrown back for a long time.

'They are whispering to the sky; it is always so among us,' explained the deacon. 'They are praying for rain.'

We looked into the yard of the peasant Ivan Kazachkin. It was empty. Only a delirious kitten was staggering about, scarcely able to drag its paralyzed hind legs along, acting as if its backbone were broken. We went into the hut. Ivan's family is not large according to village standards — a wife and four children. We found the wife at the stove. She was struggling with an iron pot, which she had not strength to move over to the fire. Ivan was trying to help her. But his strength was little, also. He balanced himself precariously on his swollen feet with an oven fork. I went up to the fire and looked into the kettle. In it was cooking breakfast, dinner, and supper, the same that had been cooking yesterday and for the past two weeks. The kettle was filled to the brim with water and in it showed a green weed — some sort of a large plant with prickles, more like brush wood than anything else. Naturally, there was no salt nor other seasoning in this soup, if one may dignify it by that name.

In a dark corner on the stove, close up to the ceiling, two children sat, one five years old and the other seven. They reminded me of wax figures from some exhibition. They were quite motionless, and not pale, but literally white. Their eyes were fixed and unseeing, like the eyes of dolls.

'What is your name?' I asked the littlest one. He was silent and did not stir.

'He is Micholka,' said the mother.

'Kolya, do you hear what I say to you?' I turned to him again, but he remained motionless, half-turned away from me. There flashed upon me a natural doubt.

'Is he alive?' I asked.

'Never at night do they go to sleep,' said the mother. 'As they are sitting now, so they sit the whole night through and they don't ask for anything to eat . . . and they don't die . . . you can see their suffering . . . it would be better for them.' The mother spoke in a level voice without tears, without sighs, her endlessly weary eyes, half covered by the lids, expressed almost nothing.

I asked to be allowed to take the children from the stove. The eldest could still stand, but Micholka almost immediately sat on the floor. He made an eerie impression on me for the moment he was standing. He reminded me of the little hut in our fairy-story, which stood on chicken's legs. His legs were as thin as matches and over them was a great swollen sphere, his stomach. He was a nightmare and not a child.

The father said: 'The bigger one can still drag out a week, but the little one, Micholka, he'll go to-morrow.'

Later I found that the father was right. Micholka died next day.

Hunger has confused the understanding of everyone. People say about themselves that they are 'quite muddled.' They act, not knowing what they do, unaccountably, all minds concentrated on one thought — to get food. Their loss of what one may call natural common sense is shown in their fleeing. Hundreds have left Ivanovka. The rest are preparing to do so. In vain you try to persuade a peasant not to leave. He will seem to listen attentively to your arguments, with nods of his head to show that he agrees, but when you have finished, he will merely add: 'That's so, but all the same we must go.'

There's the peasant Constantine, long and thin as a pole, and hardly able to stand upon his legs. Like a whirl-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wind this madness to leave took hold of him and drove him out. In a moment he had sold off all his property for almost nothing, for just what the buyers would give him. He threw away everything that no one was tempted by. Then he rode away on his panting little horse 'to the Caucasus.' Two weeks later he returned. He had ridden 100 versts in all, and had eaten on the road what he could find.

'Why did you come back?'

He answered with the seriousness of a child: 'My horse was tired.'

After that what could one say to this grown-up child? But there turned out to be something more. Constantine had come back hoping that perhaps someone would buy his hut. And then away to the Caucasus. And there was so much witless obstinacy in his decision, that none was able to dissuade him. He was going even if he did not sell his hut.

SOME HUMORS OF COMMUNISM

BY J. KESSEL

From *Le Figaro, December 5*
(PARIS LIBERAL DAILY)

AN engineer, who occupies at present an important post under the Soviet government, related to me this edifying incident.

Trotzky had just been appointed manager of the railways, which were in such a disastrous condition as to require energetic measures. Thereupon the Commissioner of War set out to inspect the principal lines. Arriving at the first important station, he summoned the head men in the service and addressed them in substance as follows: I shall stay here several days. No trains are to move without my order. If an accident occurs the man responsible will be shot. If you have any trouble, report to me. I'll settle the difficulty.

This statement was posted on the walls of the railway station. The same evening a locomotive engineer presented himself in Trotzky's private car and asked the new General Manager to settle a question for him.

'I must take a train out to-morrow morning, but I don't know where to put the locomotive.'

'Why don't you?'

'If I hitch it on in front, the cars are in such a bad condition that the couplings will pull out. If I hitch it on behind, we cannot see the signals and may have a wreck. What shall I do?'

Trotzky thought hard for a moment and then said in a dry tone: 'Put your locomotive in the middle of the train.'

The results of his order were such as to cause Trotzky to leave the engineers to run things themselves at the other division points at which he stopped.

The people of an important town in Kuban had been driven nearly crazy by the incessant *corvées* and mobilizations imposed upon them. First there was a 'military week,' when all the men between twenty and forty years of age were sent to dig trenches; then

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there was an 'education week,' when every man who could read and write, or wore glasses, was set to work teaching the alphabet to his illiterate neighbors; a 'fuel week' followed, when all able-bodied citizens had to go to the neighboring forest and cut wood; and then there came a 'week of cleanliness,' when the citizens were conducted down to the river in long columns and forced to bathe by squadrons. All this was regulated meticulously by classes and categories.

Now, one night some humorist, who was never discovered, posted the following notice along the streets:—

> All red-haired women are to assemble at ten o'clock at the offices of the Revolutionary Committee for collecting the dead leaves in the parks and dooryards.

The joke is that no one was surprised at this order; and at the time set, there was a most astounding mob of red-haired women in front of the Commissioner's headquarters.

Having decreed that matrimony is most commendable, the Bolsheviki felt it their duty to encourage this institution in some material way. So the government gives each new bride as a wedding present a few yards of linen or cotton or a pair of shoes — providing there are supplies in the public stores. At the same time, however, the Bolsheviki have made marriage a most informal undertaking. So people soon began to utilize this ceremony for private profit. Marriage became a mere preliminary to a shopping excursion to the government warehouses.

When a woman discovers that her shoes no longer keep out the snow, she'll ask some man friend to help her get a pair from the government. So the next day a perfunctory marriage ceremony is performed, the couple obtain the shoes, and then go their separate ways. One even hears such remarks as this at times: 'I got only two yards of cloth this time. It is n't enough for a dress. I must get a divorce and marry someone else.'

In fact, necessity has sharpened the wits of the Russians and they discover most ingenious devices to profit at the expense of the government. A shrewd physician in Petrograd, who was a bachelor with a hearty appetite and a small income, induced the president of the House Committee where he resided to give him a certificate saying he was married. In this way he procured a double ration. Soon his imaginary wife fell ill and he got a milk-card on the strength of it. Later a baby came to bless this fictitious union, and he was entitled to additional delicacies as a result. Unfortunately, he got his dates mixed up and announced the arrival of three children inside of six months. An investigation was started, upon which an epidemic broke out in his family, which carried away, inside of two days, his wife, two daughters, and little boy. It was a dreadful massacre on paper. But it saved the physician, who got off undetected.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAPAN IN NORTHEASTERN ASIA

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From *Kölnische Zeitung, November* 30
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

As I write this, early in September, the coming Conference at Washington is already making its influence felt here in Eastern Asia. Political preparations for that event are in full swing. Meetings and consultations are held daily. The young Far Eastern Republic, indirectly representing the Moscow Government, has taken the initiative in Siberia. Its Minister of Foreign Affairs, Yurin — a former officer of the guards, but now an ardent Communist — is traveling about the country trying to unite all parties and to win the favor of the United States. This Minister has been to Peking twice, to Mukden three times, and is now in Dalny, negotiating with the Japanese. He is expected in Vladivostok soon, where he will try to reach an agreement with the present masters of this disputed district. Then it is proposed that the leaders go in a body to Washington. Yurin is pursuing the same purpose which Moscow pursues: that is, to secure the recognition of his government, which is at the present moment neither alive nor dead.

For many months the Japanese promised to be the controlling factor in reorganizing northeastern Asia. We all know how they invaded the country in force six years ago. Japan was indispensable at that time to Germany's enemies; so the latter gave her a free hand in the Orient. Until 1920, the world was completely dominated by military ideas. Had that not been the case, troops could never have been assembled here from all parts of the world to fight the Bolsheviki. The whole plan was a crazy notion. The Allied expedition to Siberia is a stock joke in this part of the world to-day.

But these blunders are already ancient history. Great moves in political strategy, such as the Japanese seizure of the coast of Asia, are often made by men who do not see at the time what they are really doing. They are the blind, instinctive acts of shrewd and gifted statesmen. However, they do not always bless the peoples in whose behalf they are made, as Japan's entanglements here abundantly illustrated. When military enthusiasm began to ebb in Tokyo, its civil rulers drew long faces. Japanese statesmen suddenly discovered that the war gifts of the Entente — a free hand in China and all that — were Greek gifts. Now Japan is hastening to withdraw so far as possible from the continent in preparation for the coming Washington Conference. This operation is very evident in Siberia.

I have recently traversed Manchuria from the south to the centre, from there to its western border, and then *via* its eastern border to the Siberian coast at Vladivostok. I have talked with many people from the interior of Mongolia, from Siberia, and from the Amur district. So I feel that I have a fairly accurate picture of conditions. The thousands of missionaries from the great Bolshevist propaganda schools at Moscow and in China, Korea, and Mongolia, who have scattered themselves over Japan and China, have accomplished very little. When I discovered this, it dawned upon me why the high

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officials in Chita kept asking: 'What is Sun Yat Sen doing at Canton? How is Communism getting along there?'

Surely there is some tie connecting Soviet Russia and China, although I personally believe that Communism in its Russian form will never make headway in the latter country. However, all through this region, starting with Mongolia and including Manchuria as far as the Korean border, the soil has been well prepared for Communism. The military expeditions of the Entente may be able to keep Bolshevism in check, for a time, by means of cannon, machine guns, the halter, and the prison cell. But a man like myself, who has had practical experience with the demoralizing virus of that movement, knows that machine guns are not an antidote.

This truth began to dawn upon the gentlemen at Tokyo last spring. It was agreed — in conference with all of Japan's consul generals, governors, and commanders, stationed in this part of Asia — to cease aggressive action in the territories beyond the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan. The Imperial troops did indeed make one more advance through Chinese Manchuria, where they placed a strong garrison in Kharbon, and established martial law over a considerable region in its vicinity. But this enterprise, though highly successful from a military point of view, proved a serious blunder. Throughout the Amur territory, the Japanese are bitterly hated, and Russian partisan bands have practically driven the latter from the district. The Japanese continue to control the coast, where they maintain heavy garrisons. But Nikolaievsk and Kharbarovsk are constantly threatened. Along the Ussuri railway between Kharbarovsk and Nikolsk-Ussurisk, where the line connects with the trans-Siberian railway, it is impossible for a Japanese military train to pass without being fired upon. Only the other day a train there was blown up with heavy loss of life. The Japanese control the Siberian railway between the Chinese border at Pogranitschnaya and Vladivostok, but their jurisdiction and trade do not extend beyond the range of their machine guns. A conservative government has been set up at Vladivostok under the protection of Japanese troops and foreign warships. Even this government is not reactionary enough for thousands of officers of the old army, and it is in constant danger of being overthrown by them. But nothing is more certain than that anarchy and Communism would follow on the heels of the Japanese forces, were they withdrawn.

During the past few years, Japan has learned many things. The Washington Conference might well consider giving that country some kind of a limited mandate over the Siberian coast for a short period — at least over the railways running to the Amur and the Chinese border. The conduct of the Japanese soldiers here is above criticism.

No government on earth would be able to protect fully the rights of its subjects or citizens here. A man who invests money in this country does it at his own risk. We can hardly criticize the Japanese for having taken the thirteen great timber concessions, which they have purchased through Russian straw men, under their military protection. An impression prevails here — quite the opposite of what one discovers in Shantung, for instance — that the Japanese are more civilized than the local population and are performing a useful service.

But I do not extend this observation to Manchuria. Manchuria is Chinese territory, and has been for ages. Korea, too, presents a different problem.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THRESHING ON THE PAMPA

BY JUAN ROMULO FERNANDEZ

From *La Prensa, November* 15
(BUENOS AIRES LIBERAL DAILY)

THESE hot, dry days have ripened the harvest rapidly, and the prairies, as far as the eyes can reach, look like beaten plates of gold reflecting back the sun. Yonder stretches the fruit of toil — the wheat that gives us our daily bread. Generous Mother Earth scatters her bounty here with a liberal hand. But it is no manna descending from Heaven to feed a wandering and famished nation; it is the worthy reward of a beneficent and liberal Taskmaster for labor done.

At length the cutting is over. The grain has been bound into sheaves which stand in long, well-dressed lines of shocks, delighting the eye of the farmer with their promise of plenty.

Preparations for threshing are under way. A circular threshing-floor, surrounded by a palisade, has been made ready. The single entrance is closed by bars — what we call a *tranquera.* In the centre, occupying most of the area, the wheat is piled to the height of ten or twelve feet. A narrow space is left between it and the surrounding palisades. The latter is built of posts bound together with raw hide, for wire and nails are known in this country only by hearsay. When evening draws on, the threshing is to commence. During the heat of the day, the animals would founder — and as one of the hired hands says, 'You must look after your animals as if they were Christians.'

The mares are already waiting. The hired hands have taken their respective posts. Three have mounted the pile of wheat with forked sticks and whips in their hands to throw the wheat down into the runway below and to keep the mares in lively motion. A riding boy, seated on the largest of the latter, is likewise ready to spur them on. The interior runway around the circular pile of wheat is already well spread with a thick carpet of sheaves. The mares are to tread these until there is nothing but straw above and wheat below. Before we begin, the farmer, passing a final glance over all these details, makes the sign of the cross to ward off rain and to secure the favor of God. Then he gives the order to start. Our mares, well trained in their duty, take their positions, and the riding boy shouts sharply: 'At the trot! At the gallop! Along with you!'

The farm hands encourage them from above. The farmer who has provided himself with a long lashed whip urges them from the other side. Even I, stirred by all this movement and excitement, shout at them like a wild man.

'*Era-era-era! Ègua-ègua-ègua!*'

'Give a lash to the leader there, she's lagging!'

By this time the mares are at a full gallop. The farm hands keep throwing down more grain beneath their feet. The cracking whip lashes raise little clouds of dust from the coats of the animals. We all shout in chorus like madmen. It is tremendous, electrifying, Dantesque!

Finally, the saddle boy gradually slackens the pace of his mares, until they come to a full stop. The farmer says: 'A breathing-spell for the beasts.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We start again in a few minutes, but this time in the reverse direction, to prevent the animals from becoming dizzy.

I am as dizzy as if I were standing on the deck of a tossing vessel that began to whirl around like a pinwheel on its axis. But I don't confess it, fearing these people will laugh at me for a city man.

By this time the night is stretching its veil of shadows over the plain. There is a moment of intense darkness during which we take a rest. It is as though life had ceased. The men lie motionless, some upon their coats and others on the sweet, clean straw. The mares do not eat or otherwise refresh themselves; but stand motionless and with hanging heads, outside the corral, grouped around their leader. My eyes search for some trace of the horizon; but I can only detect two dots of light, betraying a couple of distant ranch houses lost in the interminable shadows.

A little later the riding boy goes over to a near-by pool, lies down and drinks, I know not how many litres of water — of water filled with floating stars and clouds.

We are waiting for the moon, which the farmer promises will rise in a moment — and there it is! A faint glow appears on the horizon near Pie de Palo, behind a tissuey cloud. I was ruminating on how it would feel to be lost in these black plains of night, when I suddenly saw the whole face of a moon of gigantic size poised on the horizon. When it was apparently a couple of yards above the distant skyline, the farmer gave orders to start again.

So the threshing went on, in the magnificence of the full moon, until late at night.

'Tell me, sir,' I asked, 'why do they always thresh with mares and not with mares and horses?'

'Because that's the way my father threshed and that's the way everyone in this country does it.'

'But that's no reason.'

'Then you'll have to find out for yourself, sir.'

'And you, Cartincho, what reason would you give?'

'I, dear sir, say that it has to be so, because why else should there be mare colts born?'

Cartincho threw a flood of light on the subject. God did n't give him his dirty face for nothing.

On the following day the grain was swept up and carried to the granary in barrows, while the straw was stacked to one side.

By this time our hired threshing-mares were on their way to a neighboring ranch where they would repeat their heavy labors. Meanwhile we celebrate a 'harvest home.'

A great threshers' cake of wheat and syrup had been baked, in the biggest copper on the place.

'Gentlemen, a genuine creole cake. Here, my friend, take it with your hands just as if it were bread and cheese. Cartincho, brace up and get your share. And now you, sir, would n't you like a drop of new wine? We make it on the place.'

'And a hoedown, boss, to cap the evening?'

'Sure. The girls will dance to shake your marrow bone.'

'*A la criolla, a la criolla!*'

It has been a good season. My farmer host, a sturdy democrat, — for to be a creole, a man bred in the country, means to be a democrat, — has those hardy qualities which only a constant struggle with nature gives a man. Had it been a bad season, had the hail, the locusts, or the drought robbed him of the fruit of his labors, his face would not look so much like an Easter greeting as it does to-night; but, though ignorant of modern inventions and machinery, he would have faced the coming year with undaunted courage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW TOLSTOYANA. I

BY VALENTINE BULGAKOV

[We print below a hitherto unpublished chapter from the diary of the friend who was Tolstoy's secretary during the last period of his life. Its publication was postponed until after the death of Tolstoy's wife, and the manuscript has just been recovered from Bolshevist Russia.]

From *Rassegna Italiana, October* 31
(Political and Literary Monthly)

May 2. We left this morning at half-past seven.

Just as we were getting off, we had a call from Savely Schniakin, 'a best-beloved Christian' very dear to Tolstoy. He was just out of prison, where he had been confined for four years for refusing to perform military service. We were exceedingly sorry not to be able to remain longer with him.

A glorious morning. We had to wait a quarter of an hour at Sasieka for the train. Two or three friends with their children and others accompanied us.

Lev Nikolaevich spoke of having met a party of automobilists yesterday. It was the first time he had seen an automobile. 'And I shall never see an airplane. Those children there will fly,' he remarked, 'but I prefer to have them ploughing or washing clothes.'

A party of gymnasium students who had just got off the train from Moscow crowded around the car which Lev Nikolaevich entered.

'Tolstoy! Tolstoy!' they exclaimed.

The train started. Lev Nikolaevich indicated a vacant compartment to Gorbunov and the others, and got into it. We entered a second-class compartment though we had third-class tickets, because the third-class compartments were full.

Tolstoy objected, 'That is illegal.' He suspected that it was a trick of his wife and the rest of us, or of the station master. In fact, it was nothing of the kind. The third-class was really full. But at the fourth stop, several persons got out and at the insistence of Lev Nikolaevich, we changed to a third-class compartment.

He had his basket put on the seat next to the window and sat upon it. He wanted to get the most extensive view possible and was delighted with his lofty basket perch.

I was seated facing him and as I studied his countenance just then, I detected a remarkable expression upon it. His whole head and features, his eyes and lips, were suffused with a light of extraordinary beauty. It was as if the very depths of his soul shone through them. His face was the face of a Greek god or of an Old Testament prophet. Certainly, there was nothing to suggest this in his surroundings, in his coarse basket, and the third-class compartment of a Russian railway train. But his expression was in harmony with the blue sky, upon which his regard was fixed.

His expression at such moments cannot be painted in words or portrayed with the brush and pencil.

A moment later, he opened his morning correspondence, which we had brought with us, and then began to read the newspapers — the latest issues of *Novoye Rossii* and of *Russkoye Slovo*.

'See here, this is good. Read it.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And he passed me the copy of *Novoye Rossii*, pointing to a sentence in the 'Thought for the Day.' —

He alone undergoes suffering and torture who detaches himself from the life of the world, blind to the fact that his own sins have brought suffering into the world — who believes himself innocent, and therefore rebels against the suffering which the world must endure on account of his sins, and in order that he may be spiritually purified.

Lev Nikolaevich said, 'I feel that keenly in my own case. It is peculiarly applicable to a long life like mine.'

At one of our stops, he saw an officer of the Imperial Guards walking up and down the platform. He exclaimed, 'Poor fellow!'

At almost every station he would get out and pace up and down alone. On one occasion he talked with a vegetable woman. Another time he came up to me and said, 'What a typical face that gendarme has.'

'How so?'

'Look at him carefully.'

I did so. He was an ordinary gendarme, tall, well fed, good-humored. I paused near him. There was a group of people around him asking, 'Is it he?'

'It's he. Sure it's he,' replied the gendarme. 'Last year' — and his face lighted up with a smile — 'he telegraphed: "Send a cart to meet me."' The good fellow laughed silently at the recollection until he shook all over.

'Send a *cart!*'

In general the public seemed greatly interested in Lev Nikolaevich. At every station the conductor would tell people that Tolstoy was aboard, and then the station master, telegraph operator, and the other employees would hurry out to get a glimpse into our compartment. They did not always touch their hats, but those who did so seemed to be delighted to see him, greeting him in cheerful chorus, 'Good morning, Lev Nikolaevich.' Tolstoy would always reply by lifting his cap.

Once, just as the train was starting, I heard the following conversation outside the window: 'Tolstoy?' — 'Is it possible?' Whereupon Lev Nikolaevich himself remarked, 'Yes, it's possible.' But the train was already on the move and the gentleman who had exclaimed with such enthusiasm — 'Is it possible?' — did not get a chance to see him.

The conductors were extremely kind. They would not allow others to enter our compartment. But Lev Nikolaevich himself had no objection whatever to strangers' coming in.

At one station he tarried to drink tea until the second call. We were just starting to get him, when the station master, noticing our anxiety, said pleasantly: 'Don't disturb yourself. I'll hold the train.'

When Tolstoy returned I said to him that most people seemed to love him; whereupon he replied, 'Yes, that's a contagious sentiment.'

He appreciated perfectly the reason for the eagerness of so many to get a sight of him.

'Shall I see Chertkov at Sukotin?' he asked. 'I want to very much.'

We had telegraphed Chertkov when we left. The latter had at once requested permission to go at least to Khocheti while Tolstoy was sojourning there. The last time Tolstoy visited Khocheti, Chertkov, wishing to see him, did not take up his residence at that town, which was in the government of Tula, but four versts away in the little village of Suvorovo, in the government of Orel. Lev Nikolaevich said that this reminded him of Voltaire in exile when he built a residence at Ferney, so that his living-room was in France and his bedchamber in Switzerland.

Pursuing this theme he continued:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'This morning I went out on the balcony. I noticed a pigeon. I approached it, and it did not fly away or show the slightest fear. I drew still closer and it did not fly. What was the reason? I looked around. Another pigeon, imprisoned in the house, was beating its wings against the window glass, unable to get out. Its mate was quietly waiting for it. I tried to drive out the imprisoned pigeon, but in its panic it continued to fly against the window. I had to liberate it by force.'

Finally we reached Orel, where we must change cars and had an hour to wait. Tolstoy's manservant warmed up the thick oatmeal soup, which Lev Nikolaevich had prepared, in the second-class restaurant. The only vegetable we could procure was asparagus.

At Orel I noticed that the attitude of the public toward Tolstoy was quite different. The crowd was curious and discourteous. I could not explain this. Perhaps the people were more citified. While Lev Nikolaevich was eating, curious spectators crowded around the window and the door to watch him. When we sought our train, luggage in hand, a long file of people followed us through the station, silently watching every move we made. No one greeted us. Perhaps they considered it improper to do so, since we had not been introduced. When we finally, with much difficulty, found places in the crowded railway carriage, a throng of spectators gathered in our own compartment and those next to it to watch us. They also collected on the platform outside our window, eyeing us silently. Their ill-bred curiosity impressed me most unpleasantly.

It was fairly suffocating inside the car. The train did not leave. I was pleased to see that Tolstoy treated the ill-mannered crowd as it deserved — that is, acted as though these people were non-existent, attending to his own business as if they were a thousand miles away. He ate his asparagus and cakes, offering the latter to the little children who clustered around us. Then he read his newspaper.

Other persons came up — gentlemen and ladies and station employees. Among them was a gentleman who introduced himself as the teacher of a technical school, who wished to thank Tolstoy for giving his portrait to the institution. I overheard another gentleman say to a gendarme, with a sarcastic smile: 'Don't disturb the Count. He must refresh himself a little with that asparagus.'

A number of other gentlemen gathered about desiring to talk with Tolstoy. Some trivial conversation followed. But the suffocating heat and this tiresome talk soon wearied Lev Nikolaevich, who went out on the platform. I followed him to see if he was all right. The platform likewise was crowded with people and enveloped in smoke. No one stepped aside to make way for him or showed him the slightest consideration. I should except one of the trainmen, who courteously offered him a cigar, inquiring if he smoked.

Tolstoy replied good-humoredly that he did not. 'I used to smoke but I have left off doing so, and now I can't understand how people can stick those dirty things in their mouths.'

The people standing about endorsed his sentiment, and some of them tried to improve upon it.

I went back into the car and Lev Nikolaevich followed a moment later. We ultimately succeeded in getting a whole seat for him, so that he could lie down; for we saw that he was very tired.

At every following station, similar groups of curious spectators and employees and passengers from other trains were waiting to see him. They were merely gratifying their shallow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

curiosity, and Tolstoy was right in attaching no importance to their attentions. I am certain that half, if not more, of them had never read a word that Tolstoy wrote. I recall one lady traveling in the same train with us who, observing that everyone was watching Tolstoy, felt that it must be the proper thing to do. So she stood up on the bench behind him, supporting herself on the low partition which separated the two seats. Resting her head on her arms, she stood this way during the whole trip, her puzzled eyes fixed gloomily on Tolstoy's bald pate below.

What could she have been thinking of?

At last we reached the station at Blagodatnoye. We still had to drive fifteen versts in a carriage to reach Khocheti. The train came to a noisy halt. We looked out of the window. Tatiana Lvovna, Tolstoy's daughter, stood at the station door, joyfully signaling us with her parasol. Thank God, at last we are here.

We entered the second-class waiting-room. The crowd on the platform, recognizing Tolstoy, gathered about the entrance, waiting for him to come out. There were many peasants among them. I asked a young man among these silent spectators whether he had read any of Tolstoy's works. He replied in the negative. I asked him then whether he had heard Tolstoy well spoken of. He said he had never heard of him from any source. 'But do you know who he is?'

'No, I don't.'

I pursued my inquiries no further.

So our journey ended. Our four-horse carriage soon brought us to Khocheti. Lev Nikolaevich was in a lively mood. He grew enthusiastic over the fresh green fields, and the peasants clad in their old-style costumes. Since it was Sunday the people were gathered about their cabins dressed in their best. A smile of pleasure lighted his countenance. The moment we arrived, he said he could remain only a very short time. This was a joke in order to tease our hosts, who wanted him to make a long visit.

'Surely you have no poor people here to beg alms, no disputes to be settled, no mothers to be reconciled with their sons. It is true I have the best of friends here, but it will demoralize me.'

When we reached the house, at half-past six, dinner was waiting for us. Immediately after the meal Lev Nikolaevich withdrew to rest. We talked little at the table; but while taking coffee, Sukotin started an interesting conversation on women's gossiping.

'Since there is only one lady present, my own daughter,' said Lev Nikolaevich, 'I feel frank to say that if the ladies gossiped less, the world would be much better off. Now Sukotin insists that they do a great service to society with their chatter, by keeping their guests entertained. That is all right so far as it goes, but when gossip busies itself with serious matters, it's a bad thing. In fact, gossip is really begotten of personal vanity, the desire of the talker to make herself conspicuous.'

It was easy to understand why Lev Nikolaevich had formed this judgment of society ladies. Only the previous year, the wife of an eminent nobleman, who had made his acquaintance, begged Tolstoy in a drawling voice: 'Lev Nikolaevich, try to ingratiate yourself with my son. He can't endure you. Talk to him about horses and he will quite reconcile himself with your other notions.'

Tolstoy's visit to Khocheti began with an adventure. The evening was very dark. He went out alone to take a walk in the park without informing anyone, and got lost. I should explain that the Khocheti park is very large,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some eight miles long, with a perfect labyrinth of trails and byways. Naturally, Tolstoy's daughter was greatly worried. She feared her father might have fallen or been taken ill in some lonely place, and it would be very difficult to find him. Several started at once in search of him. They rang a bell and blew a hunting-horn. Peasants came running up from the village, fancying that bandits had attacked the manor house. Eventually, Tolstoy's manservant found him on the trail. He had wandered a great distance through the park and finally emerged in the open country. Then he turned back, but lost the way. However, he heard the hunting-horn and the bell and was coming in the right direction.

'I'll not do it again, I'll not do it again!' he replied to his daughter's scolding. She had already asked him not to go out alone at night. 'All right, all right,' he kept adding. 'I merely was trying to walk with my legs and not with my head.'

'Don't joke about it, father,' interrupted his daughter.

After a cup of tea, we retired to our rooms for the night.

Khocheti is a very old estate, granted to the Sukotin family by the Tsars Peter I and John. It includes about 5000 acres. In addition to a magnificent park and a chain of lakes, there is a fine old manor house, which is only one story high, but covers a great area and is beautifully furnished. The furniture is not luxurious like that in the houses of our rich merchants. There were no things merely to catch the eye of the visitor — no useless and ridiculously costly articles, such as we sometimes see in modern homes. But everything was solid, substantial, and convenient. There were many antiques, ancestral portraits, old fowling pieces, shelves of family silver, and knick-knacks hung on the walls. The whole establishment breathed an air of peaceful abundance, simplicity, and good taste. Our hosts were in perfect harmony with their home: courteous, cordial, and hospitable. Probably the less said the better, as to the original source of this wealth, and indeed of the whole estate of Tolstoy's son-in-law. I was pleased to note that when his daughter showed us over the establishment, she was obviously embarrassed at having to display so much unnecessary wealth.

Soon after our arrival, she took me out on the terrace, from which we had a beautiful view over a garden which was a perfect mass of lilies in bloom. Beyond lay the open fields.

'Do you know, Bulgakov, we are so comfortable here that I often forget how the first possessors came by all this property. I confess that I purposely banish the thought from my mind.'

And, indeed, a person as conscientious and morally sensitive as Lev Nikolaevich's eldest daughter could not live amid such surroundings unless she were able to forget, or at least banish at times, the tormenting thought, that only a few steps from this luxurious home, with it abundance and superfluity, people were living in the very depths of moral and material poverty.

May 3. Lev Nikolaevich spent much of the day reading in the park. After dinner he took me out to see a chestnut tree in bloom. On the way there, he said: 'What a delightful sensation. All this is as new to me as if I were seeing it for the first or the last time. How many birds! Nightingales and pigeons! How beautifully the nightingales sing. A little while ago I saw two tumbler pigeons way up there in the air and an eagle. Have you noticed those oaks?' He addressed the latter question to both myself and his manservant.

There is a single oak in the park not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less than 300 years old, and twenty-four people can seat themselves around its base. I had not seen it, and Tatiana, Tolstoy's daughter, took me out to show it to me. Lev Nikolaevich returned to the house.

Sukotin, our host, has returned. He is a local magistrate and was called away by a case in N——. He related the amusing incidents of the trial with great skill, mimicking perfectly the president of the court. He was very tired.

'So, you're not able to get excused from such duties?' said Lev Nikolaevich.

'No, I have to see the business through,' replied Sukotin.

'I know,' Tolstoy continued, 'that you're a useful man, that you're a sensible, well-meaning fellow, but that kind of work does n't enrich your soul.'

He asked his daughter for something to read. She suggested Veressaiev's *Memoirs of a Physician*. He refused it. He wanted to read Semionov.

Some kind of soap was being discussed. Lev Nikolaevich asked if it were made of vegetable oil, without animal oil. Tatiana said, 'No.' Tolstoy added, 'Don't think I'm so finical as that, however.'

GODS AND HEROES OF HOMERIC GREECE

BY GEORG BRANDES

[On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his first lecture at the University of Copenhagen, Dr. Brandes appeared in the identical rostrum where his first discourse was given, to deliver this lecture on Homeric Greece. Fifty years ago his views on literary matters appeared so radical that his hearers received them with something approaching consternation; but this anniversary lecture was followed by a torchlight procession and a banquet attended by notable figures in the worlds of art, science, and letters.]

From *Politiken*
(Liberal Danish Daily)

He who has seen the lands of modern Greece may understand the nature of ancient Hellas. He breathes its fresh, pure air. He is touched by that sun which soothes even as it burns, that sun which browns so beautifully. He wanders through groves of olives and drives beneath palms and cypresses, along roads hedged in by hardy cactus. And should it happen that there is set before him a roast of lamb done in oil or some of the old wine of the country, it will not be hard for him to imagine this a Homeric meal. Should he let his eye rest on the dark, erect men of modern Greece, or on the peasant girls with their swaying, sure-footed walk, or on the little children with their fiery black eyes, — those lads who still bear such names as Aristidi and Aristoteli, — he has a glimpse of what the country-folk of old-time Greece must have looked like.

For Homer pictures situations common to all times and ages, whether it is the little girl of the sixteenth book of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Iliad, clinging to her mother's dress and tearfully begging to be taken into her arms, or Athene protecting Menelaus against the flying arrows

> like as a mother drives afar the flies
> When lies her child in sleep.

As in the days of old, so to-day the Hellenic country people are straight-limbed, sober, industrious — and talkative.

Nature treated Hellas kindly — making it a land rich in sunshine and free from fogs, where neither artificial heat nor very heavy garments are required. Yet none can call it luxuriant, rocky as its lands are, though in a way even this barrenness may be called a gift of nature, since it encourages frugality and enterprise. Besides, Greece, possessed of little to tempt others, was relatively safe from foreign conquest; and her natural situation became a powerful motive toward navigation, trade, and colonization.

It is a marked characteristic of the country that it is not large, and nothing in it appears either immense or immeasurable. There are no far-sweeping prairies; the mountains are mostly low, with Olympus as the one exception. The rivers are not broad — mere creeks; and there are innumerable springs. Even the woods are not extensive, being at best only groves. Hence the traditional Greek proverb: 'Nothing in excess.' To everything there must be a goal and a limit. 'Moira' means not fate alone, but the reasonable object.

Naturally enough, the Greek shows his aversion toward all that is strange to him, the illimitable, the formless. Form is what he loves and what he demands of nature. The hero of the 'Song of Roland' may kill 100,000 men with his own sword, but Homer knows no such fantastic feats.

The Greek detests the interminable — that which we barbarous moderns deify under the name of the Infinite, the Eternal, the Boundless, that which is without end, that which the Greek calls the *Apeiron*, and which is, among other things, his word for balderdash. We, with our officious intellectuality, dwell in the upper story of a sky-scraper; the Greek dwelt in a summer house, looking out to sea. Babylon had its gigantic structures, Egypt its pyramids and sphinxes, Assyria and Persia their great monuments; but in classic Greece everything was on a small scale. It was a remnant, dating from those prehistoric times, when, as Homer tells us, Ares covered 70,000 square feet of ground, when he fell uttering a cry that might have come from the throats of a myriad warriors.

Hellenic greatness springs from the harmonious interplay of the various human faculties; it is a thing of the inner man. Allness to the Greek is cosmos, order, beauty. Even his religion is a beautiful ceremony, for religion to him is not the fear of a god who commands or prohibits. It finds expression instead in the festive procession, the song, the dance.

Although the Greeks before Homer were acquainted with mysticism, as were those who came after him, there was little of this feeling when the poems appeared. Back of the Homeric gods lies Fate, corresponding in its relentless fixity to what we mean by the inexorableness of death or the unvarying character of natural law. Fate assumes the form of Nemesis and corresponds to the all-pervading sentiment, 'Nothing in excess,' — no arrogance, no excess of self-esteem, ambition, or joy in power. What the Greek chiefly prizes is common sense, limitation, harmony. His world is not infinite; but it is a harmonious whole.

The Greek of the interior was naturally a farmer, but the idiosyncrasies of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Greek character are more pronounced in the mariner, the pirate, the warrior, or the merchant. His real self appears as he guides his vessel along the coasts, lands to make inquiries, learns both of old and new, falls to telling stories, draws attention to himself, learns by repetition how to avoid the tiresome and comes in the end to express his life experience pithily.

Once this Greek voyager has returned, he relates and embellishes his adventures. He lies a good deal. He is fond of composing verses. He loves anecdotes and even turns his myths into anecdotes. In his hands these myths — which were at first the reflection of nature and people with nature-deities, and which, as symbolic allegories were dull and heavy — lose their heaviness and their dim mysticism, and with a few exceptions, become tales easy in the telling. The symbolism is thrust into the background by the plastic and picturesque beauty to which it has given place.

Poetry, of course, comes into existence as a mnemonic instrument hundreds of years before prose-writing — which is not so easily remembered — appears as an art. Verse cleaves close to memory and nothing is misunderstood or left out.

Greek worship has now become a sacrifice in which the worshiper himself takes the leading part. Just as the religious myth became entertaining story-telling, so worship becomes recitation, song, and dance. The writer and the singer of the verses are both entertainers. The devout feel the joy of living and the joy that beauty inspires.

The Greek mariner was a pirate — what we more euphemistically term a Viking — and it is not at all improbable that a piratical raid from Mycenæ to western Asia gave birth to the legends that went to the making of the Iliad. The Greek mariner was also a colonizer, but his colonies were not mere trading depots like those of the Phœnicians who came before him, nor bases for downright extortion like those of the Romans who came after him. For hundreds of years the voyages of the Greek seamen in their small boats necessarily amounted to nothing more than sailing up and down and in and out between the east coast of Greece and the west coast of Asia. But with the invention of the trireme, with its three rows of oarsmen, one above another, — a vessel which was roomy enough to hold several hundred men and far more seaworthy than any of its predecessors, — colonization developed rapidly.

The colonies were far more productive and hence became far richer than Hellas itself. When in the Odyssey the poet describes the splendor of the palaces of Alkinous and of Odysseus himself, he must have in mind his own home on the coast of Asia Minor, transferring that familiar scene to the Hellas of the time of the Trojan War. These walls, covered with gold and silver and melted glass have all the gorgeousness of an Oriental imagination. The later and more genuinely Greek architecture is entirely different, and, like Greek prose, represents what was after all the chief achievement of the Greek mind, its creative logic.

It was from the colonies that the grand poetry emanated, — Chios, Lesbos, Smyrna, — for the colonies stood above the mother country in their intellectual mobility and their sense of liberty. The immigrants to them had been young people of spirit, not too rigidly bound by the traditions of the mother counry. And it was only in the colonies that Greeks of various stocks — widely separated in Greece itself — could come in touch with one another. They were in constant contact with the barbarian world as well, and the desire for travel, for knowledge, and for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

free play of the imagination took hold upon them mightily.

Every effort that has been made to reconstruct the text of the Iliad and the Odyssey, to restore them to what must have been their original form, has been a failure. All that we have to-day is a pair of poorly restored masterpieces. Save for a few uncritical people, of course, no one to-day believes that a single poet named Homer wrote either the Iliad or the Odyssey. In my opinion the epic poetry of antiquity — the Iliad at least and perhaps also the Odyssey — came from the island of Chios on the coast of Asia; but it is impossible to say whether it was in this island or in Lesbos or in Smyrna that the ingenious man who composed the first song of the Iliad had his home. This mysterious original poet — called Homer because his school of followers in Chios went under the name of Homeræ — may have been an Æolian brought up among the Ionians. We see, at any rate, that the Æolian Greeks transformed the old legends into hero songs until these came into the hands of the Ionians and there reached their full flowering.

A number of details aid us in judging of the age of the poems. They do not spring from Mycenæ, for the Mycenæans buried their dead; and in Homer we find that they were cremated, a method that came about naturally enough as a result of the Ionian migration. Then, again, there is the contrast between the stone implements and the weapons of copper and bronze that we find in Homer; and, just as the weapons of bronze are older than those of iron, so the large leathern shields of the Homeric warriors are older than round shields made of metal. The shield described is, as a matter of fact, older than the armor described.

Taking the poems as a whole, we find it likely that the poet is picturing his own time and its customs when he tries to tell of the past, and yet Homer frequently makes it very emphatic that there was a difference between his own day and the long ago. He points out repeatedly how much stronger the men of the past were than those of his own period.

A time arrives when the vague deific personalities outlined by the Greek imagination stand back to make room for a new figure, the hero; and the development of this new personality forms a decisive chapter in the history of the Greek mind. In the East, where the overwhelming force of nature kept humankind in subjection, there existed but one hero, the despot, to whom homage was paid by crouching face downward in the dust. Israel never wearies of humbling itself before the superhuman power designated as master, who, for his part, never wearies of commanding, forbidding, and punishing. In the Greek hero, on the other hand, man realizes his own strength and power, and arises as a free being. At first, it is true, the hero represents no qualities save bodily strength. He is both cruel and uncouth. But gradually he becomes more and more humane, and increasing tasks bring into play all human qualities. Each little district in Greece has its local heroes who are held in fond memory and worshiped as superior to those of the neighboring places. The hero is a demi-god and a citizen at the same time. He belongs to his own particular stock and city.

We see these heroes vying with one another to secure distinction, Achilles, Agamemnon, Odysseus, Aias, Diomedes. Each has his honored day, and in the Doloneia even the Prince of Thrace, who is killed, is praised for his wonderful horses and his weapons — weapons which are never seen, since they are too splendid for the eyes of ordinary mortals to behold.

It is evident enough that there was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

considerable trade communication between Thrace and Ionia during the Homeric period. The Thracians sold wine and weapons to the Ionians; and, curiously enough, in the Iliad the Thracians are treated as equal with the Achæans, although in later times they are regarded as a coarse people of lower grade.

The first striking event in the intellectual history of Hellas is the emergence of the hero. The next is the hero's absorption of the gods, his taking possession of them. The excavations of the last fifty years at Hissarlik, Mycenæ, and Cyprus have made us acquainted with the prehistoric deities who antedate historic Greece and yet are intimately linked with it. We find such religious symbols as the twin axe and those bull horns which may, perhaps, be the same that lent holy strength to the altars of Israel. Then we have the rather indefinite personification of the nature gods. The name of Zeus originally signified the heaven itself. Hence he is still the cloud-gatherer and the sender of rain in Greek mythology. He flings forth the lightning and wields the thunderbolt. Homer's earth goddess is described as broad-chested — hence as beginning to assume human form; and in Hesiod we find the earth giving birth to the high mountains and the deep ocean.

This is still mere nature-worship. But when in the Iliad the swift-flowing river Xanthus grows angry with Achilles for having choked its current with the bodies of the slain, and when, exposed to the fire of Hephæstus it cries to Hera for aid, then we begin to have genuine personification. When in the Homeric hymns to Aphrodite the dryads take part in the round dances of the goddesses, yet live and die together with the tall spruce trees and the oaks in which they dwell, the deities are beginning to free themselves from the cruder conceptions of nature-worship.

Soon the leaders and the minor kings of Greece, proud of their own achievements and yet lovers of the beautiful, created for themselves gods in their own likenesses. The dwellers on high Olympus became a typical Greek family, a mirror held up to the pretentious and restless life of the nobility. The gods follow without shame their personal inclinations. They love and aid those who are most liberal with the fat cattle offered in the sacrifice. They take offense, and do not forget it, at anyone who fails to present them with the fat thighs of bullocks which they claim as their due; but in return, they are sworn friends to their faithful worshipers, employing their supreme might and ever-present aid for the benefit of these votaries. Moral compunctions concern them not at all. Not merely do they tolerate theft and falsehood in their devotees; they even show them how to steal and lie to better purpose, as when Hermes in the nineteenth book of the Odyssey instructs Autolycus in sharp practices. In spite of the many moral sayings later incorporated in the poems, the gods seldom give a thought to what is right or wrong. The merits of an action do not trouble them. It never occurs to Athene to blame Helen for abandoning her husband to follow Paris; nor would the goddess think of reminding Odysseus, embittered against the suitors who consumed his pigs and sheep, that he had himself for years been living as a pirate, robbing, killing, selling men and women into slavery.

A northern race, a people born under a clouded sky and accustomed to look upon nature as accursed and mankind as tainted with original sin, a people consequently sighing after deliverance, can have no conception of the heartfelt enthusiasm with which the Athenians

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of antiquity intoned the hymn in praise of Pallas Athene. To them she was pure reason, wisdom, wit — all that we term genius. She was more. She was his city's providential protectress, forever youthful, healthy, strong. Yet she was at the same time human — witness her predilection for Achilles and her pact with him against Hector.

Her liking for Odysseus is of an entirely different nature. She admires him exceedingly, but it is really her own character that she loves in him — his unbelievable inventiveness in the manufacture of lies. When, in the Odyssey, she appears to Odysseus, first as a shepherd lad, then as a woman, and he, failing to recognize her, stuffs her with lies, the goddess is mightily impressed. She is suddenly struck with the similarity between this smart fellow on earth and herself, the cleverest head on high Olympus. Deity and human have here become as one. There can be no greater contrast than exists between this attitude and the relation of the Israelite to his law-giving God or the Christian to his God of judgment.

The primitive Greeks were like children, richly gifted, abounding with life. But this enjoyment of life and nature is not so charged with significance as is the union between the heroic figure, hardened, tested, never losing sight of his goal, and the deity, full of brilliance, intelligence, and martial skill. These become the centre of Greek existence. Everything finally crystallizes in the hero, whether we find him as the brave, high-minded Hector or as the inventive, ingenious Odysseus. The hero draws to himself the gods, re-creates them in his own image, and thus gives being to the arts.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM BLAKE

From the *Times Literary Supplement, December* 1
(Northcliffe Press)

You may say that Blake is a poet in his Prophetic Books as well as in his poems; but one cannot write about them without discussing his doctrine, and those who value them most highly insist that unless that doctrine is understood they are unintelligible. Some insist also that one cannot understand the poems without understanding the doctrine; but to enjoy poetry is to understand it, and anyone who cares for poetry at all can enjoy the best of Blake's verse. It is true that a doctrine mystical, profound, and passionately held gives power and richness to his simplest music; but the music is there for anyone to hear.

There is a continuity of faith in the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, as in the sayings of Christ; they are all exclamations of the same proud, yet tender, dogmatic mind; but they have their value for us, not because of the dogma, but because he has made poems out of the fact of that dogma. There is no other poet who has so great a fame based upon poems so short; and it was, no doubt, his faith, always present and acting in his mind, which enabled him to make short poems so large. He could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

see a world in a grain of sand and Heaven in a wild flower; he could hold infinity in the palm of his hand and eternity in an hour, because individual things meant to him always the universal, in which he put his trust; and that is why we feel that universal in his little individual poems.

Herrick is a charming poet, but there is only some particular experience in any poem of his, or some particular fancy. 'Infant Joy' may look as slight as any poem of Herrick's, but just listen to it: —

'I have no name:
I am but two days old.'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name.'
Sweet joy befall thee!
Pretty Joy!
Sweet Joy, but two days old.
Sweet Joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

The difference is in the very tune, and we can hear it without being learned in Blake's doctrine. 'All bells of Paradise we hear them a-ring' in that song, because Blake could live in a Paradise of thought which comes to us, as if from a distance, in the celestial chime of his words. Each poem is a tune from that Paradise, yet each satisfies by itself, and we need no key to it because it is a poem.

It is Blake's peculiarity that he could warble his native wood-notes wild about the very nature of the universe. More than any other poet, he was occupied with that; yet the result was songs such as other poets make about love or flowers. In the *Poetical Sketches*, said to have been all written before he was twenty, he revives the Elizabethan song like a master rather than a scholar; he was a poet with an unsurpassed music before he was a mystic, and his mysticism was the faith that came of his poetic experience.

He said himself: 'As the true method of knowledge is experiment, the true faculty of knowing must be the faculty which experiences.' He experienced as a poet, and, we may guess, he tested the truth of his beliefs by his power of expressing them as poetry. 'If it were not for the poetic or prophetic character, the philosophic and experimental would . . . stand still, unable to do other than repeat the same dull round over again.' When he discovered, he sang, and song was, for him, the proof of discovery. So his lips seem to be touched with the truth, and in his verse it turns purely to music.

A vast commentary might be written upon the famous poem in the Preface to Milton; there is prose before it which tells us through what unexpected processes of thought Blake rose to it; but the poem itself is one that any reader can apply to his own time and his own experience. It might be engraved in the choir of any church as a love-song of religion; for there is the music of love in it as if it had been written by a poet to his mistress.

So it is another peculiarity of Blake that he is both the most passionate and the most impersonal of poets. Unlike Shelley, who was also a poet of ideas, he purges himself of the personal in doggerel. He had his grievances against particular persons; there were things in his life that irked him, and his ego needed some indulgence when it was wounded. This he gave it in ribald verses which are often silly and which, by their very manner, prove that he meant to throw them off, and with them the feelings which provoked them.

But these feelings, thus utterly separated from the real life of his mind, do not come into his serious art. In that there is a detachment, almost Oriental, from casual passions and events and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

circumstances, without any personal outcries or laughter or tears of the moment. Life for him was a kind of mystery-play, which he watched to discover the meaning of the mystery; and events that happened to himself were only part of it.

Thus there is often in his verse a mixture of the particular with the universal that seems incongruous. He dedicates his *Illustrations to Blair's Grave*, to Queen Charlotte; but she, and he, in the dedication become like figures in one of his drawings: —

> To dedicate to England's Queen
> The visions that my soul has seen,
> And, by Her kind permission, bring
> What I have borne on solemn Wing,
> From the vast regions of the Grave,
> Before Her Throne my Wings I wave;
> Bowing before my Sov'reign's feet,
> 'The Grave produced these Blossoms sweet
> In mild repose from Earthly strife;
> The Blossoms of Eternal Life.'

She must have been puzzled by these lines if she ever read them; and they will puzzle any reader who does not understand that Blake saw himself and the Queen as characters in the mystery-play of life.

The impulse in Blake's poetry does not come from particular events, which are mere pretexts for the expression of it; it is rather a vast and continuous *élan vital* which we feel in the rhythm even when the sense is unintelligible or absurd. This *élan vital*, this dogmatic and spiritual appetite, always beating rhythmically, does not always achieve expression. Often it seems to function blindly in phrases, lines, verses even, repeated again and again, which find their proper context only in one poem. There are echoes of the great poem, in the Preface to Milton, in the lines 'To the Christians' in Jerusalem: —

> And now the time returns again:
> Our souls exult, and London's towers
> Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
> In England's green and pleasant bowers.
>
> She walks upon our meadows green;
> The Lamb of God walks by her side;
> And every English Child is seen,
> Children of Jesus and his Bride.

But the echoes seem to be feeling after something which is found only in the Milton poem.

The greatest example of this *élan vital* is *The Everlasting Gospel*; but you cannot read it without wondering why Blake left it scribbled anyhow on blank pages of a notebook half filled with other things and on scraps of paper, some of which, Dr. Sampson tells us, are known to have been lost. With such an idea and with such noble fragmentary expressions of it, why did he not fully achieve the masterpiece which was within his grasp?

There is in *The Everlasting Gospel* poetry that no one has ever surpassed, and it was his last piece of verse, containing the very essence of his doctrine; yet he was content to leave it in the rough as if he were making notes for himself, not a poem for mankind. The explanation is, perhaps, that, having no public, no one at all who could understand him, he did write only for himself, thought in verse when he was thinking most intensely, and jotted down the verses just as they came into his mind without ever meaning to make a poem of them.

What he has left us, then, is, with all its loose ends and ribaldries and obscurities, the most spontaneous piece of thinking in verse, the most naked poetry that exists; but the first five sections are all a preliminary, often wayward and intermixed with doggerel to the great sixth section in which his doctrine of love and forgiveness is uttered as if it were sounded on all the voices and instruments of Heaven: —

> Thou Angel of the Presence Divine,
> That didst create this Body of Mine,
> Wherefore hast thou writ these Laws
> And created Hell's dark jaws?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Presence I will take from thee;
A cold Leper thou shalt be.
Tho' thou wast so pure and bright
That Heaven was impure in thy sight,
Tho' thy Oath turned Heaven pale,
Tho' thy Covenant built Hell's jail,
Tho' thou didst all to chaos roll
With the Serpent for its soul,
Still the breath Divine does move.
And the breath Divine is Love.

Here the *élan vital* in the words is like a great wind bearing a flight of rejoicing birds; all the language has come to life so that the words *are* what they signify. Though it is well, as Dr. Sampson says, to read Swinburne's commentary on the poem, you know without it that there is great matter in that music.

And then, after the couplet about the breath Divine, follows another passage leading to a couplet yet more wonderful: —

Come ye forth,
Fallen Fiends of Heavenly birth,
That have forgot your ancient love,
And driven away my trembling Dove.
You shall bow before her feet;
You shall lick the dust for meat;
And tho' you cannot love, but hate,
Shall be beggars at Love's Gate.

In that couplet there is all the peculiar profundity of Blake. In the past the great mystics have been the great psychologists, and Blake was always anticipating modern discoveries. He knew that hatred is a begging for love, is love impotent, disappointed and unconscious of its real desire. But what can be stated in a psychological formula he expressed in poetry because it was to him poetry. That which science can observe and state in general terms was for him part of the mystery-play of life, in which there is a conflict of spiritual forces always renewed in each particular mind or soul, a conflict to be seen, as he would have said, only by the poetic or prophetic character and to be expressed only in terms of poetry.

Thus, when in *The Everlasting Gospel* he says Christ, he means Christ as the representative victorious spirit. For him there is no Christ of history because there is no history in the sense of something that has happened in the past. That essence of history with which he is concerned is always happening; and hence the impersonality of his poetry. For what happens to him also is but his experience of eternity. In the Prophetic Books the eternal process often becomes vague and shadowy for the reader; it can be understood only by a kind of science of Blake's mind, by comparing a passage in one Book with a passage in another.

There are documents for the system of Blake which must be examined and collated as if they were not art, but facts of nature from which truth is to be discovered. But in the poems we need no science or, if we do, they are not completely poems. In them the impersonal, the eternal, expresses itself, not in mythological names or systems, but in a peculiar bright purity of sound and sense. They are as free from any human smell as mathematics, yet as full of music as a love song. No *ego* speaks in them — Blake's *ego* vented and purged itself in his doggerel — they are expressions rather of the weather of the soul; joy is like sunlight in them, tears like rain, and anger like tempest. We enter a world in which humanity becomes nature and nature human, and all sounds have the meaning of speech.

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughter is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

There the children are like birds inhabiting the hills, and in 'Night' the birds are like children and the moon a calm universal guardian: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon like a flower
In Heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Blake, the poet, knows that nature cannot be expressed merely as nature or in terms of things seen by the material eye: —

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright.

That is not what we have seen, but it is our experience of a moonlit, empty meadow, and of the expectancy that is in all calm beauty. And then the poem passes out of nature, yet naturally, into a millennial dream of the daylight peace which this peace of moonlight seems to promise: —

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying, 'Wrath, by his meekness,
And, by his health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.'

The human has been all emptied and purified into nature; and then the natural is all humanized again into the supernatural; and it is poetry, with its visionary authenticity of sound and sense, that compels our belief in the process.

Blake was a man imperfect like the rest of us, and his writings and drawings are full of perversity, failure, willfulness. But the great artist is a man who can now and again free himself in his art of all imperfection and be no longer himself but Everyman. Blake knew this — it was an article of his faith; through all his long life he was attempting that freedom and, because he saw it as an end more clearly than other poets, so did he at times achieve it more completely. There are no words in our language so unalterable as his.

CÉSAIRE

BY JEAN SCHLUMBERGER

From *La Nouvelle Revue Française, November* 1
(Literary Monthly)

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Lazare, *a fisherman*
Césaire, *a stranger*
Benoît, *another fisherman*

Scene I

(The interior of a fisherman's hut, more or less lighted by a lamp swinging from the ceiling. At the hearth Lazare *is seated, hardly more than a lad, large of stature, but still with a boy's voice. He is stumbling through a delicate minor air on his flute, but he seems to have trouble remembering the notes. From time to time he breaks off to glance at the kettle, and while he is thus absorbed, the door opens silently. A heavy-set man of powerful build crosses the threshold, throws down his pack, closes the door carefully, and unwraps the muffler about his neck. As he glances swiftly about the*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

room, his eye falls upon LAZARE, *who, rapt in his music, does not observe the stranger's presence. The man seems interested, as if by a sight that he has never seen before. He moves a step forward, trying to see the player's face, then two steps, then two more.* LAZARE *starts.*)

LAZARE (*leaping to his feet*). Who's there?

CÉSAIRE. All right, all right, nobody's going to cut your throat.

LAZARE (*drawing back*). What do you want?

CÉSAIRE. There! You look as if you'd seen the devil himself. It's easy to see you're afraid of visitors on this Christian island of yours.

LAZARE. What are you doing here?

CÉSAIRE. Watching you play the flute. (*Curiously*) Are you so fond of music that you don't hear what's going on around you? You looked like a kid with a sugarplum!

LAZARE (*drawing back a step*). Why do you want to know?

CÉSAIRE. *Parbleu!* Your kind are all alike when a fellow asks an honest question.

LAZARE. You can't explain about things like that. You just feel them.

CÉSAIRE. What if you *don't* feel them? If you know you don't and still want to?

LAZARE (*reassured*). Oh, I know who you are. You're the extra fisherman. The steamer must have left you. Poor chap! It's a bad time to come — the fish are running and we've hardly time to sleep. All the same, for a fisherman, you have a queer way about you — more like a ghost than a live man. (*He picks up his flute.*) Well, if you want to learn how to play the flute, I'll show you. (*He goes toward* CÉSAIRE.) Here, just put your fingers on these holes, and blow.

CÉSAIRE. You fool! With fingers like mine?

LAZARE. They don't seem very skillful. But try, anyhow.

CÉSAIRE. I saw a violinist in a little café one day. People said he was good, but I did n't listen. I watched his face instead. He looked funny, then all of a sudden he had tears in his eyes, and no mistaking. If I could only have known what he felt then! You don't understand? You don't think much of anything when you play? About cider and cakes, perhaps. (*He looks at the instrument, then deliberately breaks it.*)

LAZARE. You brute! You'll pay for that!

CÉSAIRE. Never mind.

LAZARE. You'll pay, I say!

CÉSAIRE (*throwing down a coin*). There! Don't howl. (LAZARE *looks like a man who has made a good bargain but does n't want it noticed.* CÉSAIRE *now speaks with rough authority, as though he were coming to his true point for the first time.*) You live alone here?

LAZARE. No, it's my mate's turn to lift the nets. He'll be back.

CÉSAIRE. Benoît — a chap with fuzzy hair?

LAZARE. Yes.

CÉSAIRE. With a scar on his hand?

LAZARE. Yes.

CÉSAIRE. What does he do all day?

LAZARE. Lifts the nets every morning.

CÉSAIRE. That's not what I mean. What does he do when he's done working?

LAZARE. Sits around, or else lies in the sun.

CÉSAIRE. Does n't he ever talk?

LAZARE. Sometimes.

CÉSAIRE. What does he say?

LAZARE. He curses, and he'll say, '*Quelle vie! Quelle vie! Oh, là, là!*' or else, sometimes, 'It's the women, don't you see, the women!'

CÉSAIRE (*like a hound on a hot scent*).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And these women he thinks about — does he tell their names?

LAZARE. Oh, all that's nothing to me.

CÉSAIRE. Of course. But what name does he say?

LAZARE. Why, 'big Régine,' and 'la Roussotte.'

CÉSAIRE (*taking him by the arm*). And never — another?

LAZARE. How should I know?

CÉSAIRE. When he's asleep — any names then? (*Fiercely*) Answer when I talk to you! (LAZARE *seems frightened, and* CÉSAIRE *goes on more quietly.*) When he has bad dreams, does he blink his eyes as if he were watching flies, or does he look always in one direction, as though he could n't take his mind off one thought? (LAZARE, *very much disturbed, whips his arm away from* CÉSAIRE, *who clutches him again.* LAZARE *breaks away, and* CÉSAIRE *shrugs his shoulders, pretending not to care.*) What's keeping him, anyhow?

LAZARE (*glad of an excuse to get away*). I'll go see.

CÉSAIRE. Stay here!

LAZARE (*disappointed*). I was only trying to help you.

CÉSAIRE (*looking around and hesitating*). After all — (*looking toward the door*) — Where does he fish?

LAZARE (*surlily*). Near a row of stakes. It's too dark. You could n't see.

(CÉSAIRE *opens the door, listens, and then, without saying anything, goes out carefully, like a near-sighted man, or one who is n't quite sure of his legs.* LAZARE, *left alone, pulls himself together.*)

LAZARE. Another of the kind that want to run everything. Well, that need n't worry Lazare! (*He takes a look at the kettle of soup, and then opens a cupboard, fumbles among the clothing, and pulls out a new flute, which he tries. Dissatisfied, he takes out another, and then, as low as he can, and frequently pausing to listen for a moment, he begins the same air he has been playing.* BENOÎT'S *voice is heard outside: 'Hé!'* LAZARE *springs up, hides his flute, and runs to the door.* BENOÎT *enters, grumbling, beneath a load of wet nets.*)

BENOÎT. You might have helped me. (*Throwing down the nets*) Two tears you could put your head through!

LAZARE. Did you see the stranger?

BENOÎT. What stranger?

LAZARE. The man that's going to help us out. There's his pack.

BENOÎT. Ah, so they're going to give us help. None too soon, either. Who is he?

LAZARE. At first I took him for — I don't know who. A bewitched man, perhaps — but it's no matter. He's broken my best flute.

BENOÎT. Where is he?

LAZARE. He went to meet you.

BENOÎT. He knows me, then?

LAZARE. He asked whether you had a scar on your hand.

BENOÎT. What's that to him?

LAZARE. And a whole heap of other things, besides — whether you talked in your sleep and what you say when you lie in the sun and the names of your girls.

BENOÎT (*in terror*). A great big chap? Césaire! (*In a frenzy*) I must get out right away. Where is he? Tell him I did n't come back. (*He tears open a cupboard and takes out a purse and some papers.*)

LAZARE. Where are you going?

BENOÎT. I dare n't stay here.

LAZARE. You can't get across. The tide has turned.

BENOÎT. I'd rather face the tide and the Flat Rocks together than have a *tête-à-tête* with Césaire. Only to think I might have done for him once with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a stroke of an oar, too! You go out first.

(*As he speaks,* CÉSAIRE *appears, barring the door.* BENOÎT *snatches a knife from the table.*)

CÉSAIRE. Gently, gently. You can't go out. Put down that knife! (BENOÎT *crosses himself without letting go the knife.*) I have n't anything in my pockets — look! You don't need arms against a cur.

BENOÎT. What do you want?

CÉSAIRE. I swear I was n't thinking of you this morning. I was just looking for work, when I ran across your name on the list of fishermen. Oh, I was n't forgetting anything. But I've had other business on my hands these last two years. I had to settle accounts with Yvon first.

BENOÎT. I did n't get La Rose-Marie away from you. He did it.

CÉSAIRE. He won't again. Not he!

BENOÎT. Easy enough to say who killed him!

CÉSAIRE. Easy enough to make a mistake, too.

BENOÎT. Don't tell me that story about his falling from a mast. With *his* head! He never got dizzy. And you working on the same boat, too!

CÉSAIRE. It is true we were both on the fishing-smack Orion for three weeks. Nothing to keep me from telling him what passed through my head, was there? What do fellows like you know about defending yourselves from a man that can think?

BENOÎT. You turned his mind.

CÉSAIRE. Well, it did happen that we bunked together, like two brothers — pure chance, of course.

BENOÎT. Why did he stay?

CÉSAIRE. The second day out, he did try to pay a comrade to change with him. But I paid double. The man would n't. Yvon and I used to lie there talking — talking quietly. You 'd have thought we were the best friends in the world.

BENOÎT. He 'd have done better to swim for it, the fool!

CÉSAIRE. Oh, I was careful at first. He did n't understand the danger till too late, when he could n't keep from listening, any longer, to what I told him. 'Talk away,' he snarled one night. 'I'll keep my hands on my ears.' But I saw him listening, all the same. Stupid and curious, like the rest of you!

BENOÎT. Don't look at me like that.

CÉSAIRE. Yvon used to talk that way, too. By the time three days were up everybody was laughing at him. Pretty soon they saw he was shivering with fright. The captain questioned me, before the whole crew. I said, 'Why, he only tells me his troubles.' Just then he came down from aloft, and the skipper told him to ask me whatever he wanted. The fool just stood and looked at me. Then someone cried, 'Tell what you told me he said — about the sea birds, the ones called crazy men, whose wings are just as wide as a man's outstretched arms, the ones that scream like men when the wind whistles in the rigging, and that come flying against the bridge.' If you could have seen how it frightened him! 'Did I ever tell you that?' I asked. 'Yesterday, at mess,' he stammered. 'You asked whether I really believed they were sailors who had blasphemed against the Holy Virgin and whether I had ever seen a man whose hands were beginning to get long and feathery already.' How the crew laughed at him! You could n't hear any more for the laughter. I went off to my bunk to lie down, and Yvon stood there shivering, green as a leaf, covered with drops of sweat. Then the skipper went up to him and they all kept quiet to hear what he would say. He looked our man in the face, and touched his forehead — 'Crazy!' he said. If anyone drove Yvon to suicide, it was the skipper by the way he said that one word.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*There is a brief silence; then* CÉSAIRE *indicates the steaming kettle.*)

CÉSAIRE. Nobody want soup?

BENOÎT. Prove that he killed himself.

CÉSAIRE. He was crazy.

BENOÎT. His mind was sound as any, when I saw him.

CÉSAIRE. Not after he was with me on the Orion.

BENOÎT. Who told him about men who went crazy?

CÉSAIRE. Someone who has seen it, I suppose.

BENOÎT. YOU, *pardi!*

CÉSAIRE. Why, if I kept telling you about men who never had any rest, who always felt something working in their limbs and a white membrane coming down in front of their eyes — a sane healthy man like you — *you* would n't start to thinking about the membrane on a bird's eye. And *you* would n't be struck with the fact that these poor devils find a horrible fascination in empty space, and when they sleep, dream of falling, falling, falling; or else dream that they are flying, borne up on their own outstretched arms, trying to scream with voices that cannot get beyond their own throats. — Yvon had fairly lost his head!

BENOÎT. Yes, because you held him, like a spider.

CÉSAIRE. It was he who would n't let *me* alone, for all his fear. One night he did n't go to bed with the others. I slipped on my jacket and went out. I knew well enough where to find him — on a yard arm, where he used to climb when his ideas took him. I had to grope my way up, for it was so dark you could n't see your own hands on the halyards. He could n't have heard me scrambling up there, for the wind screamed too loud, and yet I swear to you that he was expecting me, for he never even gave a start when I climbed out beside him. I made up my mind not to speak first, just let him suffer. Bye-and-bye he came over to me. *Ma foi!* He was crying, my hands were all wet with his tears. I verily believe he tried to kiss them. He begged me not to leave him and began harping on his eternal questions again. Did I really think he was different from the rest? Had n't I known men as bad as he who came to themselves again? What were they like in their crazy fits? Never was such a talk — whirling along up there in the dark, cut off from the earth with the wind shrieking all around you! I yelled into his ear and at that my voice sounded no more than a murmur. 'What are they like? *You* ought to know that! Their limbs get numb. They don't need their feet any more. They don't need their hands to cling to the halyards. All they have to do is to grow feathers and let the wind carry them away.' Ah, he never unclenched his fingers after that. His whole body was one cramp. I saw him fumble with his hands, trying to feel the shape of his arms and legs. Then I knew his soul was without defense. Then I knew he was ripe for me.

(*A silence*)

BENOÎT. You threw him off the yard.

CÉSAIRE. The whole crew of the Orion is witness that I was knotting ropes astern when he came smashing down on the bridge. (*To* LAZARE) Well, are n't we ever going to have something to eat, you over there?

(LAZARE *fills three bowls, but* CÉSAIRE *is the only one who sits down at the table.* LAZARE *stands as he eats.* BENOÎT *stands dully by himself.*)

CÉSAIRE. What's our work here?

LAZARE. When the tide is high we take turns watching the nets. At low water we all lift them.

CÉSAIRE. Whose turn to-night? (LAZARE *points to himself.*)

BENOÎT (*quickly*). I'll go with you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CÉSAIRE. Afraid? I thought you could take a joke better than Yvon.

BENOÎT. You've done for him. What more do you want?

CÉSAIRE. You! — You never helped him, did you? You never had *your* turn with La Rose-Marie?

BENOÎT (*frantically*). If you'll only go — go right away — I'll tell you where to find her.

CÉSAIRE. As if I did n't know!

BENOÎT. Then get out! Lazare, make him go away!

LAZARE. Why, what harm is he doing us? *We* have no feathered fingers, have we? We are n't going to throw ourselves down from a mast, are we?

BENOÎT (*pulling himself together*). You don't know him.

LAZARE. A man that gives five francs for a flute worth thirty sous! A terrible fellow, is n't he! (*Cunningly*) But I won't pay him back, mind you! What a coward you are to be afraid of him!

BENOÎT. Oh, fear! After all, I'd rather spend the night under cover than outdoors. If you have to talk about your Rose-Marie, why — we'll talk about her, my fine Césaire!

LAZARE. Well, then, good-night.

CÉSAIRE. You'd better take your muffler. It's cold.

LAZARE. All right.

CÉSAIRE. Nothing disturbs you, eh?

LAZARE (*pretending to be playing on his flute.*) Tootle-tootle-toot! Good-night, both of you!

(*He goes out.* CÉSAIRE *stands looking after him, and seems to have forgotten all about* BENOÎT. *He goes over to his pack, takes out some bedding, and makes up his bunk. When he has finished, he lights his pipe.* BENOÎT *has meantime gone to the table and begun to eat his soup, with the air of a man who has got the upper hand, but his eyes never leave* CÉSAIRE. *When the latter begins to stare back, he turns to the attack.*)

BENOÎT. *Eh bien*, talking about your old love affairs seems to calm you down. When a fellow gets on to your little tricks, you're helpless as a crab turned on his back. You can't do anything and you'd give ten years of your life to get out of your skin.

CÉSAIRE (*calmly*). My skin is worth ten of yours, just now.

BENOÎT (*springing up violently*). You! You can't even see. Why were you discharged from the lighthouse service? You mixed up the red and green lights. *Tiens!* Rose-Marie and I were at the edge of the Bois-de-Bourgueux one day, and we heard you rustling around in the leaves behind us. Rose-Marie stammered, 'Look out! Defend yourself!' But I said, 'Keep still. He'll go away.' And you went.

CÉSAIRE (*lifting his head like a man who knows he has plenty of time*). It is n't too wise, *mon bon*, to remind me of my dearest memories.

BENOÎT. Oh, you're easy enough to handle.

CÉSAIRE. The little Bois-de-Bourgueux, over toward the dunes! There's a little mound — you can hide behind it like a bird in a nest. I wonder whether you remember.

BENOÎT. Never fear! My memories are stamped like a thumb print in butter.

CÉSAIRE. Your memories! Your mind is a clay that would n't hold water. What do you know of places where you've been only once?

BENOÎT (*furious*). Have you finished?

CÉSAIRE. Well, *I* was there one day, with Rose-Marie on my shoulder . . .

BENOÎT. Never!

CÉSAIRE. Well, what do you know about the place? When you open your eyes what do you see in front of you?

BENOÎT. The woods, *parbleu!*

CÉSAIRE. Woods? What woods?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BENOÎT. Tree trunks!

CÉSAIRE. What tree trunks?

BENOÎT. Let me be. I had other things than the trees to look at that day!

CÉSAIRE. There was a big gnarled pine on the left, with one limb pushing forward toward you, and a smaller pine behind it, and a beech to the right.

BENOÎT. You might have seen that from the thicket where you were hiding.

CÉSAIRE. Don't try to escape me like that.

BENOÎT. I saw them as well as you, the big pine, the other pine, and the beech.

CÉSAIRE. Ha, my teller of tales, that time I caught you! The beech was *between* the two pines. You see, you *don't* remember! Even now you're hesitating. You don't know whether it was right or left.

BENOÎT (*beginning to be afraid*). What are you driving at, anyhow?

CÉSAIRE. You'll see, you'll see. Time enough for that. I shall wipe out your memories like bread, crumb by crumb, till not one remains, till even when you hear Rose-Marie's name I shall have to explain: 'She is an old love of mine.' (CÉSAIRE *stands in the middle of the room, wiping his brow.* BENOÎT is *huddled against the hearth.*) Sit down, sit down. We can talk better. Oh, you don't want to talk, eh? Not even about Rose-Marie? There she is now. Don't you see her standing there? Right here in front of me? I see her, I tell you. Not a thing that I have ever seen do I forget! I see her. All that you are trying to recall, all that I can see clearly. Do you not feel already that you know nothing of her save what I tell you? She is mine. (CÉSAIRE *becomes suddenly calm, and then, with horrible irony, goes on.*) My poor chap, your memories are only shadows, shadows you cannot grasp. It must be you never saw my Rose-Marie. (BENOÎT *shrinks from him.*)

[CURTAIN]

SCENE II

(*The scene is again the interior of the fishermen's hut, later the same day.* BENOÎT *is standing gloomily beside* LAZARE, *who is peeling potatoes.*)

LAZARE. There's nothing you can do. If he has broken the boat, you won't be able to repair it. If he doesn't want you to get away from the island, he's clever enough to keep you from going. Only five days more. Five days is n't eternity. The relief will come Sunday and then you can go, if that's what you want.

BENOÎT. You're trying to get on the right side of him by turning against me. It won't do you any good. When I have met Yvon's fate, it will be your turn.

LAZARE. You make me laugh. The first word he says to me, I'll say, 'Here, peel potatoes,' — and he will peel them! I'm more likely to hurt him. (*He laughs.*)

BENOÎT. Yes, laugh away! It'll help me keep awake. I dare n't even close my eyes. As soon as he sees me asleep, he'll start for me.

LAZARE. Pooh! More stories! He sleeps like a log.

BENOÎT. Last night he told me, 'I know every mark on Rose-Marie's body. There was a little scar on her elbow, no bigger than the pupil of your eye.' But I cried, 'That's nothing. Anyone might see that. What others do you know? I was thinking — But how can you hide anything from him. He reads your thoughts. He began to torment me with what he called his memories — things none save her lover could know.

LAZARE. Does he tell you these things at night?

BENOÎT. Night and day! He never

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stops. I wake in a cold sweat. So long as he is here I don't know what I see nor what I think. I know he's telling lies about her. But I don't know when the truth stops and the lies begin. He's baiting me — on and on and on until I die. I have his fishhook here. (*He lays a hand on his throat.*)

LAZARE. Well, you did n't need to take his girl away in the first place.

BENOÎT. He made her unhappy.

LAZARE. Perhaps you did n't do so badly after all. But if it's his fault, brace up and show him he'd better let you alone.

BENOÎT. You can't do anything against him.

LAZARE. You might thrash him.

BENOÎT. Yvon was no coward, and he never even tried to defend himself.

LAZARE. You're strong enough to pick him up in your arms.

BENOÎT. He is strong as ten devils. (*He crosses himself.*)

LAZARE. Well, if you're crossing yourself . . .

(*He does the same.* CÉSAIRE *comes in from the sea. As he is taking off his oilskins, he observes* BENOÎT.)

CÉSAIRE (*to* BENOÎT.) Are n't you ashamed to be served by a better man than you. Come on, get to work!

LAZARE (*to* CÉSAIRE). Here you, let him alone! Peel potatoes yourself awhile.

CÉSAIRE (*sitting down, surprised but not at all disturbed.*) Anything to keep you company.

LAZARE (*handing him his knife*). Here. (*To* BENOÎT) Give me your knife.

(BENOÎT *opens a heavy blade of his sailor's clasp knife.* LAZARE *takes it and weighs it in his hand, touches* BENOÎT *on the elbow to draw his attention, and then, as* CÉSAIRE *has his eyes closed, lets it fall, blade down on his foot.*)

CÉSAIRE. Look out!

LAZARE. Are you hurt?

CÉSAIRE. No, luckily I pulled back my foot. Ah, it is Benoît's knife? You see, *mon bon*, Lazare is trying to defend you, but it's no use. (BENOÎT *draws away and* LAZARE *seems impressed.*) You don't like jokes, do you?

BENOÎT. Not your kind of jokes.

CÉSAIRE. And yet I have n't hurt anyone.

LAZARE. You're tormenting everybody.

CÉSAIRE. Everybody used to torment me, for more years than you have lived, everybody, my boss and my comrades, chance acquaintances, even street gamins. If there was a dirty job to do, it was always, 'That's good enough for Césaire.' One day I was taking a boat under a bridge on a canal, when someone spit on me. I don't know whether he meant to do it, but it was a little too much. I screamed — not the way a fellow yells when he means to, but a yell that terrified the man up above. Two jumps and I was up there. I looked at him — just looked at him, right in the eyes. Do you know what happened? He began to shrink back. I knew he had to obey me. 'Down you go,' I said. 'Gather up my hat and vest.' He went scrambling down there into the mud — he with his white cloth trousers — and brought my rough clothes up to me as if I were a lord. I was another man, then. I knew there was something in me — something that I feared myself — something that compelled the very strongest to obey me. I tried it twice, three times. Little by little I understood that it was the force of the Spirit.

LAZARE. A good thing for you, too. Nobody will trouble you now.

CÉSAIRE. You think so? I cannot keep from trying to bend the will of every man I meet. I want to live with someone whom I can't influence, Spirit or no Spirit, someone to treat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me like anybody else. A good comrade, eh? Even if he played the flute —

(*He glances expressively at* LAZARE.)

LAZARE. No one would enjoy playing anywhere near you.

CÉSAIRE. And yet I've never bothered you — never talked about that little place called Lieu Rosée that you hope to buy some day.

LAZARE (*terrified*). Don't! Don't begin on me!

CÉSAIRE (*coming to himself*). Forgive me, Lazare. I won't say any more, — my way, that's all. If you knew what it is to live alone!

LAZARE. There was your Rose-Marie.

CÉSAIRE. Be good to me, my boy. Don't talk about her.

LAZARE. Did you love her?

CÉSAIRE (*with passionate emotion that he cannot contain*). I tell you I did love her. But she obeyed me too much, wept too much — we hated each other with all our might.

LAZARE. I'll give you a bit of advice. Take her back.

CÉSAIRE. Never, never! You don't know what you're saying.

LAZARE. All right — more advice. Give her up. Stop thinking about her. That does n't suit you? Well then — (CÉSAIRE *signs to him to be still.*) Can't stand any more? Well (*pulling out his flute*) — if this does you any good —

(*He begins to play noisily.* CÉSAIRE'S *head sinks in his hands. He bends over farther and farther and presently bursts into sobs, that almost tear him apart.*)

CÉSAIRE. Rose-Marie, Rose-Marie!

LAZARE (*joyfully*). He's crying!

CÉSAIRE. What a voice you say that in!

(*Only gradually does he understand* LAZARE'S *cruel smile. He wipes off the tears with the back of his hand, trembling like a man who cannot master himself. New tears choke him. He stumbles to the door and flees.*)

BENOÎT (*in wild excitement*). My knife!

LAZARE. No, no, you fool. Some other way. Knock him on the head!

BENOÎT. With a stake? No, give it to me. Do you want me to miss my chance? Where's the mattock? (*He runs to the fireplace.*) Here's what I want. (*He dashes off in pursuit.*)

LAZARE. Careful. No noise. He's coming back.

(*He runs to the door. His tense attitude shows that he has not lost sight of the two men. Suddenly he turns away and one realizes that there is nothing more to see. A few moments later* BENOÎT *comes in, closes the door quickly without looking back, and throws down his rude weapon. A long silence.*)

LAZARE. You're brave, you are! Striking down from behind a man who could n't hear you come! Well, it's no concern of mine.

BENOÎT. Ah, now I feel like I used to feel. I can think of Rose-Marie the way I want to. He won't be around with his lies now — saying she belonged to him. I can close my eyes and see her, — her head, her mouth, — little by little I see her again! Tell me. When you think of people do you see them clearly? Everything is confused, for me, now. Everything floats in a haze. (*He passes his hand over his forehead.*) I should have made him admit he was lying. (*Despairingly*) It's too late now. I should have made him talk.

(*Someone fumbles at the latch.* LAZARE *runs to the other wall;* BENOÎT *falls on his knees. The man outside draws the door painfully open. It is* CÉSAIRE. *He enters, clinging with one hand to the door-frame as he wipes his head with a bloody handkerchief.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CÉSAIRE (*to* BENOÎT, *not noticing* LAZARE. *He pauses between words to gasp for breath.*) There you are! (*He sees the mattock.*) That's what you hit me with. . . . I know . . . I'm done for . . . Ah, you . . . took your chance . . . when the Spirit . . . was gone!

BENOÎT. You drove me to it, else I would n't have done it. I did n't want to die like Yvon. You may live still. We'll take care of you. Tell me just one thing. Tell me you were amusing yourself with me. Say those stories of yours were n't true.

CÉSAIRE. No use . . . You hit too hard. . . . I'm done for — no use dirtying a bed with me, . . . all bloody this way. . . . A quarter of an hour . . . and I'm gone. . . . Listen . . . to what I say . . . (*He staggers.*)

BENOÎT. Lazare! Help me hold him up.

(*He supports the wounded man, but before* LAZARE *can approach* CÉSAIRE *tears himself loose.*)

CÉSAIRE. What! . . . Lazare here? . . . (*To* LAZARE) You never kept him off me? . . . Helped him maybe? . . . Answer me. (*With a cry of agony*) No, no, no! You shan't get me . . . not both of you together! The Spirit is n't dead yet. No! . . . NO! You never knew . . . my Rose-Marie . . . She never . . . never. . . belonged to anyone . . . except Césaire.

(*He is leaning against the wall. He sinks to his knees. He is smiling, but his voice is scarcely more than a murmur.*)

No! You never knew . . . my Rose-Marie.

(*He sinks forward on to his hands. His body rolls full length upon the floor, as the curtain falls.*)

LITTLE POETS

BY CYRIL FALLS

From the *Saturday Review, December* 3
(ENGLISH TORY WEEKLY)

THERE is a curious charm in turning the pages of the Little Poets, the poets who are less even than 'minor.' It is a pastime that will not please on all occasions, but it is suited to winter evenings, when curtains are drawn close and the fire burns happily. Then a pile of them may be gathered into the favorite armchair, to keep company with the favorite pipe. They call forth at best mild admiration, at worst amusement or a not too poignant melancholy. Many of them have come down in the world. A few were once Great Poets. But they are thankful enough for what grudging or scornful appreciation we feel inclined to bestow.

We shall be well advised to try only those to whom age has brought a decent mellowness. The nineteenth century vintages may seem drinkable to our grandchildren; to our taste they are mawkish. On my shelves is one edition devoted to the previous one hundred

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and fifty years. It is a perfect treasury of the commonplace. There are in it but two famous names — those of Edmund Waller and John Gay; not great poets, perhaps, but hulking giants among the Hammonds and Pattisons and Glynns. Yet the vintage *is* drinkable. We may not care to linger over one bin, but it is pleasant to sip a glass here and there.

Sometimes, indeed, our curiosity will go unrewarded. We may be so unlucky as to happen first of all on some worthless stuff like Paul Whitehead, once, if you please, Laureate of England, of the line of Ben and Dryden, of Wordsworth and Tennyson. Or there may be no interest greater than reminiscence, as when we come upon Dr. John Brown's 'Cure of Saul' after and Heaven knows how far after, the manner of 'Alexander's Feast.' Sometimes we shall find an old and beautiful phrase tortured into pompous verse, as when Blackmore, author of 'Creation' (in seven books and written 'to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal Mind'), thus renders the passage about the lilies of the field: —

Regard their lovely verdure, ravish'd view
The parti-color'd flowers of various hue!
Not Eastern monarchs, on their nuptial day,
In dazzling gold and purple shine so gay
As the bright natives of the unlabor'd field,
Unvers'd in spinning, and in looms unskill'd.

But often we shall have better fortune. A poetaster like Lord Lansdowne has his moment, when the thought of death is with him.

Those boasted names of conquerors and kings
Are swallow'd, and become forgotten things;
One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
Are food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
The prince and parasite together lie,
No fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

And that one of the littlest of the Little Poets of the eighteenth century, not an age of singers, can sometimes sing, this stanza of John Langhorne's testifies: —

In yonder green wood blows the Broom;
Shepherds, we 'll trust our flocks to stray,
Court Nature in her sweetest bloom,
And steal from care one summer-day.

Here and there we shall find passages startlingly modern in subject, if not treatment, as when good Thomas Tickell sets forth to tell of the delights of Kensington Gardens.

The dames of Britain oft in clouds repair
To gravel walks and unpolluted air:
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies:
Each walk with robes of various dies bespread
Seems from afar a moving tulip bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chints, the rival of the showery bow.

The dames of Britain still repair in clouds to those gravel walks. If the air is now scarce unpolluted, it is none so bad for London, and the skies are sometimes a very fair azure. As for the rich brocades, the glossy damasks, and that 'chints' which rivals the showery bow, they are as prominent as ever.

Yalden's 'Epicurean Ode on Human Life,' if based on the eternal motto *Carpe diem*, seems appropriate to this age of disillusion, when the young declare they jazz that they may not weep.

Our sons crowd on behind, our children drive us hence.
With garlands then your temples crown,
And lie on beds of roses down:
Beds of roses we'll prepare,
Roses that our emblems are;
Awhile they flourish on the bough,
And drink large draughts of heavenly dew:
Like us they smile, are young and gay,
And like us, too, are tenants for a day,
Since with night's blasting breath they vanish swift away.

At Waller we shall not look on this occasion. He is great historically if not intrinsically. He stands between two worlds, the world of 'metaphysicals,' of Donne and Carew and Crashaw, and the world of Dryden. And he has written half a dozen lyrics of flawless beauty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which would spoil the taste of all these little wines. Gay is in a similar position. The man who wrote 'Black-Ey'd Susan' does not belong to this company. One other I am inclined to except. For the personal love I bear him I leave out William Sommerville, with the creditable bays of 'The Chase' on his brow, and give him an evening to himself. I count him definitely a 'minor' poet, not to be opened to-night.

But if we put away ambition and return to the Little Poets, we may yet discover a few real treasures to take to bed with us. Here are two which should reward us for our search. The first is from Edward Lovibond's 'Tears of Old May-Day.' Has it not something of the delicately artificial charm of a goddess in a sylvan scene by Boucher?

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May:
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers
That spring spontaneous in her genial ray.
Her locks with Heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
And amorous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast:
With every shifting gleam of morning light
The colors shiften of her rainbow vest.

This is charming, but for the last there is perhaps better a 'Fragment' from Thomas Penrose.

Scannel pipe, of scanty tone,
Yield the prize, and yield it due —
Pan, if here, must surely own
From thee no heavenly rapture grew —
Thine's the frolic to advance
Rustic joy and rustic dance.
Merry glee, in many a round
Tripping o'er the daisied ground,
Prais'd thy note, while rival feet
Strove thy movements fast to meet.

No good trying to renew the charm next morning, when the Little Poets stand on their shelves looking very dull indeed, as, to tell truth, for the most part they are!

OUT OF THE WOOD

BY PADRAIC COLUM

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

The crows still fly to that wood, and out of the wood she comes,
Carrying her load of sticks, a little less now than before,
Her strength being less; she bends as the hoar rush bends in the wind:
She will sit by the fire, in the smoke, her thoughts on the root and the living branch no more.

The crows still fly to that wood, the wood that is sparse and gapped;
The last one left of the herd makes way by the lane to the stall,
Lowing distress as she goes; the great trees are all down:
No fiddle sounds in the hut to-night, and a candle only gives light to the hall.

The trees are sparse and gapped, yet a sapling spreads on the joints
Of the wall till the Castle stone falls down into the moat;
The last who minds that our race once stood as a spreading tree,
She goes, and the thorns are bare where the blackbird, his full songs done, strikes the one metal note.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIENNA'S BLACK DAY

BY KARL MARILAUN

From *Kölnische Zeitung, December 7*
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

A tumultuous mob of maddened human beings is beleaguering one of the great Ringstrasse hotels. The gathering shadows of the dark mid-afternoon of a short, foggy, winter day, magnify in their obscure uncertainty the mob's dimensions. The police are struggling vainly with the frantic throng. Ragged young roughs armed with the tools of plundering — crow-bars, jimmies, and hammers — clamber on the shoulders of their comrades to force an entrance through the broken windows in the main story of the building. Our ears are dinned; there is a pandemonium of curses, catcalls, and piercing whistles from the crowd, punctuated by the siren horn of ambulances which have been seized by the maddened mob. Everything looks distorted and unreal in the descending mist. The boiling mass of humanity which fills the street, and the tree trunks standing bare, gaunt, and frosty in the gloom, are in striking contrast with an orderly, silent, melancholy queue of people waiting in front of a little booth to get their street-car transfers.

The sound of shattered windows reaches us. Trunks and chairs are being thrown out from above, and are received with shrill cheers and ear-piercing whistles by the half-grown roughs below. The motorman of the electric car, whose trip will take him from the Opera Ring far out into the snowy, peaceful, unsuspecting suburbs, clears the swaying mob of plunderers from the track with a couple of strokes upon his foot gong. Slowly the car pulls out of the surging mass of men. A hollow-cheeked woman with a torn cloak and evil, greedy eyes, swings on to the moving car. She has just forced her way through the throng with fists and elbows to get a place upon the running-board. The conductor grabs her arm and pulls her aboard. Wildly excited she jerks away, shrieking shrilly, 'Don't bother about me,' and, plunging into the car, takes a vacant seat and stares defiantly at her neighbors. These are clerks and salesmen, honest-looking men, people of lower-middle class who are going to their homes in the outskirts of the city. They discuss the news in the evening paper, and complacently entertain themselves conjecturing the number of profiteers who will be hanging from the limbs of the Ringstrasse shade trees by morning.

'None at all!' interrupts the excited and disheveled newcomer loudly, her eyes surveying with a gleam of hate the rather threadbare velvet collar of the 'lady' sitting opposite her. However, the latter is not a lady in the sense imputed; but, to judge from the bundle of copy books which she is scanning, with glasses on her nose, only a retiring little public school-teacher. 'No one will be hanged,' rasps the woman. 'They'll make a noisy row, the puppies, the loafers, the scamps, but that 's all they 're good for! They 'll get it, all right, when the police get back!'

She shakes the snow from her ragged

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cloak indignantly. A jingling clatter makes the timid little schoolmistress with the threadbare velvet collar glance up. Some fragments of glass have fallen from the folds of the excited woman's cloak. 'Yes, I was there,' and she shoves the fragments of glass to one side with her feet. 'Those are from the Bristol,' she adds with a gleam of triumph.

A little bourgeois speaks up courageously from behind his evening paper. 'Do you think it will make things better for women to go breaking glass windows down the Ringstrasse?'

'Make better! make better!' replies the old woman in a trembling voice, shaking her gray head. 'Things must be going well with you, since you are so philosophical about it, to ask such a thing as that! Of course you are nice and warm at your house, eh? And the good lady, your wife, is waiting for you with a warm supper, eh?'

The man busies himself with intense interest in his evening paper. He does not give the impression of a person who is expecting a particularly sumptuous supper at home; still he has passable shoes, and his neat derby hat is evidence enough to arouse the suspicion of any turbulent proletarian in days like these.

The old woman, who only yesterday was going about like a poor whipped dog is to-day in a raging fury, and continues in a cracked voice: 'I work all day long. I'm out on the cold street at five o'clock in the morning and don't get home till night. My room is cold; water is dripping from the damp walls. The kids must have something to eat. Four hundred crowns I get a day. How would you live on that, with four children and no husband — and a little loaf of bread costing above seventy crowns? It was better than that during the war. In those days we could sling a bag over our backs and hike out into the country and come home with it full of potatoes. Or you bought you a chicken out there! But what have I for supper to-night? And shoes for the kids! And a kilo of wood costs twenty crowns!'

'You 're right there,' says the trolley conductor. The schoolmistress with the shabby velvet collar moves nearer the trembling old woman. Twenty crowns for a kilo of wood quickly bridges over the gulf between the so-called social classes. Even the little bourgeois citizen with the derby hat, who has a poor, thin, half-silk neckcloth around his throat, lets his evening paper fall. Before we have passed the next two stopping-places, all four, the schoolmistress, the citizen in a derby, the conductor, and the old woman — and I am half inclined to agree with them — are quite of a mind that breaking show windows and plundering cafés are not entirely to be despised as a step toward setting the world in order.

It is a gloomy, dark day. The suburban streets which glide past outside the frosty windowpanes are empty. At rare intervals we catch a dim dot of reddish light from a gas lamp. It is quiet and peaceful here, half an hour's ride from Ringstrasse. Christmas is coming. In a few days St. Nicholas should be putting his red and green apples in the windows.

'Yesterday,' says the woman, 'I hunted for apples for the children. Sixty-eight crowns I paid for three apples — you could hold them in one hand.'

'Yes,' observes the man in the stiff hat, and his skinny throat rises out of the silk neckcloth. 'Hang 'em! hang 'em, right and proper, but don't make such a row about it. There are plenty of trees on the Ringstrasse,' and a gloomy, vicious glitter is visible in his short-sighted bookkeeper's eyes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yes, it is a black, gloomy day.

'Here's my stop,' exclaims the old woman. She gathers her cloak about her and starts to clamber down from the car. A heavy article falls out of her rags to the floor. It is a silver teapot. 'Does it belong to you?' asks the conductor, with a peculiar laugh.

'Yes,' cackles the old woman shrilly. 'That's from Kärntnerstrasse; they cleaned out a whole jewelry store there. It was lying on the walk. Was I to leave it there, or wait till some young scamp picked it up?' And off she goes with the teapot. The conductor looks after her, hesitates, and forgets to give the motorman the signal to start. Really, it is his duty to turn the woman over to the police.

'Go on! go on!' says the little schoolmistress, pleadingly. 'Let her go. She has four children.'

'Confound it,' says the man with the evening paper, enviously following the old woman with his eyes through the frosty windowpane. 'I wish I had come up Kärntnerstrasse to-night.' And he thrusts his crumpled evening paper into his overcoat pocket with a gesture of irritation. The conductor gives the signal to start.

Bad days indeed!

Near the Stock Exchange two or three thousand men, joined by a procession of Communists with Red banners and Soviet stars, are plundering the cafés. A few doors away from the shouting pillagers, shattering windows, and all the tumult usual at a fearful fire, a young lady stands in a millinery shop trying on an evening headdress before a mirror. It is a marvelous creation of Indian feathers and gold thread, with pearl pendants over the ears; but she makes a gesture of discontent and her nostrils quiver angrily.

'Don't you see,' she remarks, impatiently to the saleslady, 'I can't wear that. It's in the way when I dance. I dance cheek to cheek.'

I have no idea what 'cheek to cheek' dancing is. I survey the slight person before me in her peacock-blue silk wrap. Her feet look naked, so thin are her flesh-colored silk stockings. I have difficulty detecting her real features behind the chalky, enameled countenance and red-painted lips. She steps to the window, with the Indian feather headdress in her hand. 'What a scandal!' she exclaims angrily, as the whole glass front of a café crashes to the pavement, and a wild, bitter shriek of triumph penetrates the luxurious violet salesroom on the floor above. The proprietress quickly extinguishes the lights, whereupon the petulant customer turns indignantly upon her high-heeled slippers, which sink deep into the heavy carpet, and protests: 'What's the matter with you, putting out the lights! I am not finished yet.' Like a silly, malicious, grotesque, pretty bird, she teeters back and forth before the mirror, the Indian feather decoration on her golden hair.

'No, it's impossible! You can't dance cheek to cheek with that!' And she orders something different.

Five minutes later her motor-car turns quickly into a side street to avoid a black advancing host of men, while the plunderers beat up an old Jew, returning with a bundle of broken umbrellas from the rubbish market. He wears long Eastern earlocks, which are not popular with the mob.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE GALE

BY RICHARD CHURCH

[*Saturday Review*]

Last night the heavens were blown about,
Stars were guttering in the height,
The moon collapsed, and was harried out,
And an old owl, debarred from flight,
Would have shrieked had the wind not been so cold,
Chilling her rage, stopping her breath,
Filling her tree-trunk nest with groans,
Churchyard rustlings, whispered death,
Or seawaves dragging seamen's bones,
Bones that would ache were they laid in graves.

The sheep were huddled up in the fold,
Tottering creatures, half asleep,
Swaying together, their cold wits muddled,
Wondering what the din is about
In the world without, where the autumn leaves
With blizzard touch fling past unseen,
Tapping at windows under the eaves,
While the wind creeps in and flutters the hair
Of the sleeping children. Ah! Will it dare . . . ?
They sigh, and snuggle their heads in their nightgown sleeves.
The wind mutters under the quilt, and dies.

The night is so dark; nobody sees
The ruin, the flight of the summer green,
Leaving the stark and shivering trees
To loom in the starbright morning skies,
Bare!

ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY

BY BARRINGTON GATES

[*London Mercury*]

I am, they say, a darkling pool
Where huge and cunning lurks a fool,
Childish and monstrous, untaught of time,
Still wallowing in primeval slime.
All powerful he, with fang and claw
To fill his red capacious maw,
And not a thousand thousand years
Have eased his belly, stilled his fears.
But ever with dim consuming fire
Swirl the slow eddies of desire
About his sprawling limbs, and lull
The torments of his brutish skull.
He is most merciless, lone, and proud,
There in the scaly darkness bow'd,
And sleeps, and eats, and lusts, and cries,
And never lives, and never dies.

Nay but above this stagnant night
The lovely highways of the light
Sweep on with winds and dawning flowers
And stoop to touch its midnight hours.
If I am he, I'm also one
With all that's brave beneath the sun,
With lovers' singing, and tall great trees,
And the white glory of morning seas.
What of this silence, so there stay
Child's laughter to the end of day?
And what of dark, if on the hill
Eve is a burning opal still?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

SHAKESPEARE AS A DRAMATIC SUBJECT

Miss Clemence Dane's play, *Will Shakespeare*, the most recent of numerous plays with the Master Dramatist as hero (investigation reveals a good many more of them than one might have expected), approaches a more or less successful conclusion of its run at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London — an event preceded by a merciless review in the columns of the *Outlook*, in which Mr. Edward Shanks enjoys himself savagely and maliciously at the expense of the playwright.

The play, he says, is 'about the poet, Shakespeare.' That is all right. Mr. Shanks has no fault to find; but, he complains, 'it is also about Queen Elizabeth, Kit Marlowe, Henslowe, and Mary Fitton; but not, for some reason, about Savonarola or Lucrezia Borgia — nor across any of its scenes does Pippa pass.' In other words the author has packed her play too full.

Certain critics fell foul of Miss Dane — Mr. Drinkwater met the same treatment — because of the liberties which she took with history. Mr. Shanks is not of their number — it is the way she takes liberties, not the liberties themselves, to which he offers objection. The play shows Shakespeare in the early years of his married life (with an Anne Hathaway who is perceptibly younger than her husband, instead of eight years older, as history records!); then his decision to turn his steps to London; his (supposed) love affair with Mary Fitton; the first night's production of *Romeo and Juliet* (though of course our Elizabethan ancestors usually presented their plays in the afternoon); Mistress Fitton's intrigue with Christopher Marlowe (pure fancy on Miss Dane's part); and a rough-and-tumble between Shakespeare and Marlowe when the bard of Avon discovers Mary's faithlessness. Here Miss Dane adheres to tradition. Marlowe is actually said to have been stabbed with his own dagger; but the rest of the contemporary account, which adds that Marlowe 'was stabb'd in a brawl and died swearing,' is recklessly cast aside. In Miss Dane's play the dying dramatist observes: —

> My life, my lovely life, and cast away
> Untasted, wasted —
> Death, let me go!

— sentiments which scarcely ring true in the mouth of the author of the mighty line! Besides, the 'untasted, wasted,' sticks a little in the throat. 'Wasted' — Marlowe's Puritan contemporaries would have agreed to that, however posterity may differ. But 'untasted' — hardly that of the man who wrote *Dr. Faustus*.

When Josephine Preston Peabody in her *Marlowe* has treated the sordid little tragedy of the inn at Deptford with so much fidelity and imagination, it is too bad to have Marlowe butchered in this barbarous fashion.

These considerations are not Mr. Shanks's, however. *His* historical imagination is outraged by the picture of Queen Elizabeth pardoning Shakespeare, because, forsooth, 'she takes as strong and enlightened an interest in the British drama as Mr. William Archer!' After two columns of ferocity, in which he concedes the unfortunate authoress but one touch of poetry, — 'and that, I fear, is unintentional,' — Mr. Shanks does admit that the acting is pretty good.

Miss Dane's attempt recalls that nearly forty plays have been written with Shakespeare as protagonist —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a fair proportion of them German. Indeed, the enthusiasm of the tercentenary in 1864 brought forth eleven German plays and not a single English one. The earliest of the Shakespeare plays seems to have been George Savile Carey's fantasy, *Shakespeare's Jubilee*, presented on the occasion of Garrick's somewhat absurd festival at Stratford in 1769, followed at Covent Garden in 1770 by George Colman's *Man and Wife; or the Shakespeare Jubilee*. The first German play was N. Vogt's *Schakespear's Beruf und Triumpf*, which appeared in 1792, with the poet's dramatic career rather than his personal affairs as its main theme. The next play was A. V. Pineux-Duval's *Shakespeare amoureux* (1812), the first of the plays dealing with Shakespeare as a lover, and attaining sufficient popularity to be reprinted in 1826 and 1859, and translated into German and Italian. In the same year a play in verse from the pen of C. Lebrün appeared at Mainz. This was entitled simply *Shakespeare*.

Then followed a group of plays dealing with Shakespeare's boyhood — *Shakespeare's Early Days*, by C. A. Somerset (1829); *Shakespeare*, by Braun von Braunthein (1836); and *Shakespeare in der Heimath, oder die Freunde* (1840); *Shakespeare and Company*, by C. B. Bradshaw (1845); *Im Globus*, by H. Dorn (1853); *The Merry Wags of Warwickshire*, by Captain Henry Curling (1754); and *William Shakespeare*, by Ferdinand Dugué (1857). This is the same Dugué who, in translating the *Merchant of Venice*, had the happy thought of suppressing Jessica altogether and making Antonio Shylock's son!

After this there was a lull until the flood of German plays began with the approach of the tercentenary: *Shakespeare's Geburt*, by Michael Bernays; *Des Dichters Weihe*, by Leopold Stein; *William Shakespeare's Jugend*, by F. F. Kiessling; *Shakespeare's Brautnacht*, by O. Barz; *In der Meermaid*, by A. E. Brachvogel; *William Shakespeare*, by Albert Lindner; *Shakespeare und Southampton*, by G. Hick; *Shakespeare auf Erden*, by R. E. Hahn; *Shakespeare, ein Winternachtstraum*, by Karl Koesting; *Der Schwan vom Avon*, by A. Reich; and finally an anonymous play, *Shakespeare im Deutschland am Tage seiner Jubelfeier*.

After this there followed a series of English plays and two belated German productions, and then another lull, until 1910, when Mr. Frank Harris wrote *Shakespeare and his Love*, which was well received. Bernard Shaw, in the same year, wrote *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*. Granville Barker played Shakespeare in this Shavian production.

The year 1921 has been blessed — *pace* Mr. Shanks! — with two Shakespeare plays: *Shakespeare*, in five episodes, by Mr. H. F. Rubinstein and Mr. Clifford Bax, which has been published but not produced; and Miss Dane's *Will Shakespeare*, with which this article began.

✽

A BRITISH DRAMATIST ON RUSSIAN AND BRITISH PLAYS

Mr. St. John Ervine, the author of *John Ferguson*, the other day delivered himself of a brutal critical opinion for which there is altogether too much justification. The particular victim was Leonid Andreyev, whose play, *The Painted Laugh*, ran a very short time at the Garrick Theatre, London; but the remark may well be extended to a fairly large number of very minor Russians who pose as incomprehensible geniuses beyond the confines of their own disturbed land. This is not to gainsay the undisputed genius of Andreyev — displayed, alas, in too few of his works!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'The Russian gift for meaningless garrulity,' remarked Mr. Ervine, 'has imposed upon a great many persons to such an extent that any author with a Russian name has only to compile a mass of unselected sentences and irrelevant conversation in order to set a number of worthy, but obtuse, people cackling about inner meanings.'

Mr. Ervine, who has been in excellent form as a critic lately, also made a penetrating comment on Bernard Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, which has been mainly breaking the heart of its manager since its run at the Court Theatre opened. Scarcely a single critic waxed enthusiastic over it without extensive qualification, and the outcry at its length was universal. All the pungency of the indignant Mr. Shaw's comments on the quality of the British audience availed not a whit. Mr. Ervine, himself a dramatist, probably puts his finger on the difficulty — if such an elusive thing as a difficulty can ever be treated so — when he accuses Mr. Shaw of 'willful overwriting.' And this charge against the man who averred that 'for the sake of style I would not incur the burden of writing a single sentence'!

But Mr. Ervine is not far from proving his point, for, he says: 'Take this speech as an example of the trouble. Ellie Dunn has just listened to Mangan exposing himself, and she tells him that her mother suspected his true character long ago. "And yet she'd have let you marry me," says the hurt Mangan, whereupon Ellie replies as follows: —

Well, you see, Mr. Mangan, my mother married a very good man — for whatever you may think of my father as a man of business, he is the soul of goodness — and she is not at all keen on my doing the same.

'I am prepared to demonstrate, with the aid of any actress, that that speech — minus the parenthetical clause — will catch the laughter of the audience every time it is spoken. With the parenthetical clause the best it gets is a strangled laugh, and it is quite likely not to get any laughter at all. Many of the speeches in the play are like that. Mr. Shaw has willfully elongated them, but the elongation has not done them any good.'

✻

LONGFELLOW AND LORD ACTON

Lord Acton's undated *American Diaries* now being published in the *Fortnightly Review* give an interesting, if not altogether flattering, picture of American literary men of an earlier day. His Lordship visited Longfellow in Cambridge when the poet was Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard University. This is his account of the occasion: —

Longfellow invited me to dinner at 2.

At the inn we were joined by Longfellow and the Committee. Most of these were tiresome old gentlemen, not belonging to the University. One of them said a tedious grace. Longfellow presided; I was at his right hand, Child sat next. No wine is allowed by the College. The dinner was rather copious than good. Longfellow's conversation was less interesting than I expected.

He asked me and Child to come and take coffee at his house. He has a very good house, once Washington's headquarters. From his professorship and his wife's fortune he is very well off. Mrs. Longfellow was sitting in a very well furnished library. She is rather good-looking but languid. The first Mrs. Longfellow died at Heidelberg.

✻

BOOKS MENTIONED

Dane, Clemence, *Will Shakespeare*. London, Heinemann. 6*s*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A few of the reasons why you will wish to own a copy of Mr. Newton's latest book

A MAGNIFICENT FARCE

and Other Diversions of a Book-Collector

"Those who wondered where A. Edward Newton acquired the charming literary style that he displayed in 'The Amenities of Book-Collecting' may satisfy their curiosity if they will read his second book. Those who care for books about books, and those who write and read them, will find this volume very much to their taste." — *Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"Delightful associations, strange experiences and bits of talk with whimsical folk are the fortunes of those who mount a collection hobby and give the engaging beast its head. In his new volume, Mr. Newton shares all this with the reader. It is a record of friendships, book friends and flesh and blood friends, that have come to him by the way." — *Publishers' Weekly.*

Last month we published Mr. A. Edward Newton's photograph. This is Mr. Newton as Gene Markey (in *Chicago Daily News*) thinks he ought to look.

"Mr. Newton's book highly entertains and that is why it is bought. Why it is signally useful is that its author has the knack — 'tis genius rather — to lure his reader into other books fraught with high entertainment." — *Chicago Sunday Tribune.*

Profusely illustrated, $4.00

At all booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, INC. L. A. 1-21-22
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $.....and mail, postpaid.....copies
A MAGNIFICENT FARCE

Name.....*City*.....

Street.....*State*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

HISTORY OF THE INTERALLIED DEBTS — *Mermeix*

REALITIES OF WASHINGTON. *A Radical-Labor View* — *W. N. Ewer*

IRISH PREDICTIONS — *Erskine Childers*

SUNSET CARES — *L. Dumont-Wilden*

ON THE EVE OF THE TRAGEDY. V — *Raymond Recouly*

FOREST LOVE. *A Mythological Invention* — *Moray Dalton*

FLAUBERT'S LITERARY LIMITS

THE WICKED WORLD. *Some Social Reflections*

THE CALL OF THE BLOOD. *A Story* — *Yak Kunev*

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out the coupon below

---

THE LIVING AGE
Rumford Building, Concord, N.H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $5.00 for my subscription to the LIVING AGE for one year beginning.....

Name.....

Address.....*City*.....

1-21-22

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED